THE WAR AND ITS HEROES.

FIRST SERIES.

CONTAINING PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF GENERALS

COOPER,	LEE,	JACKSON,
LONGSTREET,	EWELL,	A. P. HILL,
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AND

MAJORS MOSBY AND PELHAM.

HURDLE. ENG.

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Richard Barksdale Harwell

THE

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PREFACE.

The Publishers, with much diffidence, present to the public the first volume of "The War and its Heroes." They would not, however, appear to magnify the imperfections of the work by begging the indulgence of its readers. The circumstances under which it is issued at this time are patent to all who have lived in our midst through even the last six months of the great struggle of which it is in part commemorative. That the work is incomplete is a fact which requires no apology, the struggle itself being incomplete. That it does not appear in the flashing garb of enameled paper, and blue and gold, is an incident which anticipates excuse. The Publishers base their confidence of its kind reception on the merit of accuracy, and they give it to the country as a record in which the reader may find pleasure, and from which the historian may gather information with assurance of its truth. The series will consist of four or more volumes, each of which will be issued in as rapid succession as circumstances will permit. The engravings have been executed with care and skill, and are taken from special photographs obtained by the Publishers themselves. The biographical sketches, which accompany them, are made up from official reports and private information from the most reliable sources. The enterprise is one which has long been held in contemplation, and at an early period of last year a revision of data was commenced, with a view to the speedy publication of the work. The interruptions and disappointments consequent upon the state of affairs delayed it however, and its appearance was postponed. Were we to await the consummation of all the arrangements which had been made, the publication would still be delayed for several months, but we prefer to commence with the opening of Spring, and take a fair start with the early birds of the proverbial season of new books, even though it be at the expense of having to appear in a garb less inviting than our own taste would desire. The succeeding volumes will excel the present one in this respect. With this brief explanation we commit the First Volume to the Reader.

INTRODUCTION.

"*The living and the dead are here!*" We ask ourselves in vain how many of those whose immortality await fruition in the touch of death will have taken their places in the halls of the Eternal ere the concluding volumes of our work are given to the world. Hope, with its golden veil, hides from us all save the smiles of the Future. But we have seen the Past, and are familiar with its characteristics. Our soldiers are brave. That courage which defends, that heroism which dares, that fire of soul which burns a path of fury through a sea of terrors, stand recorded over their unnumbered graves and glisten in the memorial light of their tattered flags. In this Revolution all are heroes. Each leader is not only a representative, but an impersonation. His heart is the heart of the Army. The sympathy is sublime—it is love—it is more than love—it is almost adoration! That vast and terrible aggregation of armed men which suddenly leaped from the bosom of the South, early in the Spring of 1861, was no pulseless, cold and mere obedient machine. Its firm and regular tread, as it massed on the bristling borders of the North, or moved in stately columns along the shadowless wastes "down by the sounding sea," was not the step of a "standing army." That monstrous accumulation of human puppets fell to the fortune of the enemy. The *animus* of independence gathered its propelling force in every breast of the great uprising mass of Southern patriots, and sent them, with resistless momentum, forward, everywhere, to the field of danger. There was no impediment in space—no quiver in the speeding nerve. They shot from point to point like comets, sweeping along the surface of the earth.

This will be known in the future as the spirit of '61.

Then came Sumter, and Bethel, and Manassas. The tufted green of patriarchal pines that had peacefully nodded in the winds of eighty summers; the slopes of velvet verdure on whose cushioned surface had shone for many a year the starry tracks of angels, over which the bee and fairy butterfly swam, in the fragrant, sunny air; the weird and perfumed thicket, and the dell, mossy and shadowy and secluded; and the innumerable fields of laughing grain; and the haunted solitudes and romance-breathing streams—threw off their sweet immaculate illusions, and breathed the sulphurous atmosphere of War. Peace, that hung in haloes around the flashing, unencrimsoned bayonets of our hero-legions; Peace, that whispered in the music of the sea and stayed the crash of the yet impending conflict; Peace, that stole its silvery way along the eve of battle, and smiled, transfigured, in the dawn of victory, *fled*. A star had fallen, and it was the star of PEACE! It fell among the visions of the past. The summer and the winter rolled away, grim with death, but bright with triumph

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to Southern arms. Then a year of disaster came and red fires lit up the horizon. The lurid gleam shone horrible with visions of dismay, distress and shame, and the pain went home to myriads of Southern hearts. Another year, grand with victories, terrible in carnage, swept in full-orbed glory by. We turn from the threshold of the fourth to look back through the vista of fire, and view, amidst its sacred scenery, the features of the dead!

Animate in death, in battle front, gory on breast and cheek and arm, and palled in the smoke of the first Manassas, BEE and BARTOW lie. Upon the blooming prairies of Kentucky another battle "rides upon the storm," and the noble ZOLLICOFFER falls expiring under the very gaze of the exultant foe. Still deeper on the distance of the West, under a storm of lead, brave men, mingling with their allied brothers of the forest, mourn over MCCULLOCH and MCINTOSH, whose priceless blood the thirsty sod drinks in beneath their feet. At Shiloh a martyr falls. In the mountainous wilds of Northern Virginia, the ASHBYS, sublime in deeds, *almost* invulnerable, pour out their life. The young and chivalrous WISE accepts, on the treacherous shores of Roanoke Island, that "other choice" of heroes—death—and dies in triumph, though a captive; and the brave and brilliant LATANE falls in the deadly fray that illuminates the arms of STUART'S men in the charge at Hanover.

But wept by the very stars of Heaven, that trembled as they looked upon those midnight flashes in the Wilderness, the bleeding form of the Achilles of the South, STONEWALL JACKSON, meets, with its drapery of sadness, the wandering gaze—a name on which a country calls in vain and will not realize her loss—for

——"she remembers thee as one
Long loved, but for a season gone;
For thee her Poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings her birth-day bells;
For thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears"

The scene ends not here; but the review becomes burthensome with sorrow. The living still must add, alas! to the endless roll of death. As in the past, a fiery and uncalculating courage has marked both the men and leaders of the Southern Army, we must anticipate for the future many and costly sacrifices. We have many, as the record of these pages well attest, yet to adorn the field and inspire the charge; but none, none to spare. As the war drags its slow length along, all will be needed, and though it seems not in their nature, we yet trust that it will be in their power, to husband their courage and succeed.

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GENERAL SAMUEL COOPER.

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The world has seen but one Cæsar and one Napoleon, nor is it probable that it will see another of either for ten centuries to come. Yet, when armies are already organized, and provided with all the weapons and munitions of war, there will always be found generals to lead them with, at least, tolerable ability. To originate armies out of the mass of a population unused to the stern discipline of the camp—to create the munitions of war out of literally nothing—to form soldiers out of a population brave indeed, but undisciplined and impatient of restraint—this is a task quite as difficult as to lead them to victory after they have been once organized. The mind that accomplishes this is, at least as rare as the mind that conceived the battle of Pharsalia, or that planned the overthrow of the Russians and Austrians at Austerlitz.

Carnot possessed this faculty in a high degree, and so does the illustrious general, whose services it is the purpose of this sketch to illustrate. It is proper to remark, that the task accomplished by Carnot was much easier than that accomplished by General Cooper. The former had an army of 150,000 regular troops, which had been employed by the King, and which had all come over to the Republic, to begin with. This body afforded a nucleus around which the new levies might be formed into an army, and many of France's most illustrious soldiers came out of its ranks. The latter had no advantage of the sort. He was obliged to create all—army, artillery, small arms, horses, the means of feeding the men, every thing in fact—for we were utterly destitute of every thing, and we had neither money to buy, nor access to the proper markets, if we had had it. To the amazement of the whole world, and to the amazement of no portion of it so profoundly as to the Yankees, a powerful army *was* created, was led to the field, and has been constantly victorious ever since. It is one of the miracles of history, and the credit of having wrought it is due more to General Cooper than to all other persons combined.

General Cooper is a native of the State of New York. He was born in the year 1798, and in 1813, when only fifteen years old, entered the Military Academy at West Point. The period of study was not so long at that time as it is now, so that he graduated in 1815, and received his commission of second lieutenant of light artillery, by brevet, on the 11th of December of that year. He became second lieutenant in 1817, and when, in 1821, the army was reorganized, he was retained in the rank he then held. He became first lieutenant, during the same year, of the Third Artillery, and, in 1824, was transferred to

the Fourth. In 1828, he became aide-de-camp to General Macomb, and continued to serve in that capacity until 1830. In 1831, he was appointed captain, by brevet, "for faithful service ten years in one grade." In 1836, he became a full captain. In 1847, he was made brevet major of the staff (assistant adjutant-general), and, in 1848, brevet colonel of the staff, "for meritorious conduct," particularly in the performance of his duties in the prosecution of the Mexican war. In 1852, General Cooper, whose peculiar talent had become widely known to the army and the public, was appointed adjutant-general of the United States. Into that office, he was brought directly and continually into contact with the present President of the Confederate States, when Secretary of War to the United States. Doubtless President Davis soon discovered his extraordinary qualifications for that office, if he was ignorant of them before. The consequences were most beneficial to the country. General Cooper, whose political principles had long been well known, resigned his office three days after the inauguration of Lincoln (7th March, 1861). He immediately offered his services to President Davis, and, on the 16th of March, was appointed Adjutant-General of the Confederate States. He found a Herculean task before him. An army was to be created, furnished with every thing, and taught to fight. How ably he has accomplished his task let the noble army now in the field and the proud military attitude of the country testify.

General Cooper is the compiler of a work on tactics, designed for the use of the militia of the United States. It is highly spoken of by those who are acquainted with the subject of which it treats. He is the highest in rank of all our generals.

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

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The achievements of this distinguished officer form the most remarkable chapter, not only in the history of the present gigantic war, but, in some respects, in the entire annals of war. To detail them minutely would fill a volume even larger than this, and we, therefore, leave this agreeable task to the future historian. In the halcyon days, which we opine are not far distant, the student of history will delight to dwell upon them, even as we delight to find rescued from oblivion any little circumstance of early youth in which Napoleon or Washington was concerned.

Robert Edward Lee is a member of the old historical family of Westmoreland Lees. He is the youngest son, by a second marriage, of General Henry Lee, better known to history by his *soubriquet* of "Light Horse Harry," the friend and confidant of Washington, and the author of one of the most pleasant histories ever written by a Virginian. He was born at Stratford, in Westmoreland county, in 1806, in the same house and in the same chamber in which Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, two signers of the Declaration of Independence, were born.

He entered West Point, as a cadet from his native State, in 1825. On the first day of his entrance he took the head of his class, and kept it until he graduated in 1829, having never been marked with a demerit, or been subjected to a reprimand, or received any other species of punishment whatever, during the whole time of his residence. Having graduated at the head of his class, he was, of course, selected for service in the corps of topographical engineers, which was always filled from the ranks of the highest graduates. He entered upon his new field of duty in July, 1829, with the brevet rank of second lieutenant. We hear no more of him until 1835, when he was appointed assistant astronomer for fixing the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan. He became first lieutenant in September, 1836, and captain in July, 1838. In 1845, he was chief engineer in the army of General Wool, in Mexico. In 1847, he was brevetted major, for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battle of Cerro Gordo, fought April 18th, 1847. He received a second brevet for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, and was now lieutenant-colonel by brevet. For gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec, where he was wounded, on the 1st September, 1852, he was appointed superintendent of the Military Academy. How long he continued in that post we do not know; but we find him, in 1858, lieutenant-colonel of the

famous regiment of cavalry of which Albert Sydney Johnston was colonel, and as such highly distinguishing himself in the desperate fight with the Indians on the prairies of Texas, which created so much excitement at the time. Nor do we know how he came to be at Washington at the time of John Brown's attempt at insurrection; but we *do* know that he was sent by President Buchanan, with a body of marines, to capture that outlaw, and that he did it.

Such is a brief outline of the services rendered to the old United States by Robert E. Lee during the long period of thirty years.

In the old army he was believed by all officers, almost without exception to be, by many degrees, the most accomplished soldier in the whole army. His superiority, indeed, was so incontestable, that it excited no jealousy whatever in any quarter. When his reputation had been somewhat impaired for the time, by his campaign in Western Virginia, a distinguished officer, now in the service of Virginia, but heretofore for many years an officer in the old army of the United States, observed that injustice was done to General Lee—that, in the old army, each officer perfectly understood the calibre of every other—that Lee was, by the acknowledgment of all, the first man in the service—and that, if an opportunity were afforded him, he would prove what he was, in a way that would silence scepticism forever. The opinion entertained of him by General Scott is well known. "Lee," said that vain and self-sufficient old coxcomb, "is the greatest military genius in America, myself not excepted." He might very well say so, if it be true, as has often been said, that to the genius of Lee he owed the laurels he had reaped in Mexico. Whether this anecdote, however, be true or false, it is well known that he regretted the loss of Lee more than that of all the other officers, when Lee determined to stand by the land that gave him birth, and that he made the most strenuous efforts to retain him. He might as well have attempted to roll back the earth in its daily revolution upon it axis. General Lee is the most thorough of all Virginians. Virginian in sentiment and feeling, his father's son could scarcely avoid being; but he is more thoroughly Virginian than could be expected even from a person born and connected like himself. So intense is this feeling, that he has been heard to say, even since his wonderful successes have placed him at the very head of his Age, that he had but one ambition, and that was to be Governor of Virginia. It was, therefore, as certain as any future event could be, that as soon as Virginia seceded, he would go along with her. She did secede in April, 1861, and, a few days after, her Convention appointed him Commander-in-Chief of her forces. He arrived in Richmond about the 25th of April, having sent in his resignation of his commission in the old army some time before.

General Lee immediately entered upon the duties of his office. It may be presumed that they were of the most arduous character; but difficulties disappeared beneath his fingers, as though they had been dissolved by magic. He had an army to organize and drill, the materials of war to create almost out of nothing, the troops to arm, clothe and feed, after they had been collected, and

all the duties of a minister of war to discharge, in addition to his more immediate duties of General-in-Chief. It is impossible, for the want of materials, to furnish an account of his administration between the time of entering upon his office and that of turning the army of Virginia over to the Confederacy. When the difficulties with which he was surrounded are taken into consideration, we feel convinced that his services will bear a comparison with those of Carnot, or any other war minister that ever existed. When President Davis made his appointments of generals, he was the third on the list; General Cooper being first and General Sydney Johnston second. The appointments were made with reference to the rank held by each officer in the old army.

After the defeat and death of General Garnett, General Lee was appointed by President Davis to take command of our forces in Western Virginia. In the early part of August he repaired to his command, carrying with him reinforcements enough to swell his force to 16,000 men. On the short campaign which ensued it is not our purpose to dwell. It is well known to have failed, whether through any fault of the General it is impossible, among conflicting statements, to decide. The hopes of the people were very high when he took command, and their confidence in his skill unbounded. When, therefore, the campaign resulted in a failure, there was no measure to the indignation of the country. President Davis, however, who is himself a military man, and had the whole facts in his possession, formed a very different opinion of the case from any that had been formed by those who knew nothing but what had been gathered from the newspapers. He acquitted General Lee thoroughly, and that acquittal must be considered decisive. It was not so considered at the time, however, by the people. General Lee's military reputation fell immeasurably, and from one of the most popular generals in the service he became decidedly unpopular. His case presents one of the strongest examples on record of the folly and injustice of judging any man by the standard of popular appreciation. Had he not had an opportunity afforded him of proving what he really was, he would have gone down to posterity as an inefficient officer, entirely unequal to the command of even a brigade.

Immediately on his return from this unsuccessful campaign, General Lee was appointed to command in the military district of which Charleston is the centre. His skill as an engineer had never been doubted, notwithstanding his ill success as Commander-in-Chief; and he was expected to put it in practice in fortifying the city and harbor of Charleston. He succeeded completely. Having accomplished this object, General Lee returned to Richmond. It was soon after this that our disasters in Kentucky and Tennessee began to occur. Their effect upon the country was depressing in the extreme. Congress, at that time in session, passed a joint resolution appointing General Lee Commander-in-Chief. Whether this act was vetoed by the President we do not know, but he seems of his own accord to have placed General Lee in a position almost equivalent; in one which gave him, in fact, the largest share in the control and direction of the war. It was probably owing to his advice that the

policy of concentration was adopted as the only one that could enable our inferior forces to contend successfully with the huge levies of the Yankees.

We now come to the *real* commencement of General Lee's career, a career so brilliant as to establish his claim to be reckoned among the greatest captains that have risen in the world. The army of McClellan was around Richmond. It had been, at the commencement of the Peninsula campaign, 168,000 strong. It had suffered severely in battle, and more severely still from disease. Still it numbered, according to the best estimate we have been able to make, at least 130,000 men. General Johnston had gained a great victory at Seven Pines, but the country was deprived of his services at this critical juncture by the severe wound which he had received in that battle. President Davis believed that nobody could so well supply his place as General Lee, and he was accordingly ordered to take the command. He did so on the 1st of June. He saw, at a glance, that the siege of Richmond could not be raised without beating the enemy out of the formidable works in which they had entrenched themselves, and he immediately set about devising the means to accomplish it. How it was done we leave the future historian to describe. It suffices our purpose to chronicle the result. In the course of one week, General Lee, by a series of combinations unsurpassed in the history of war, had succeeded in beating the enemy out of a succession of fortifications of the most formidable character, had driven him from around Richmond, to a place thirty miles below, and had relieved all fears for the safety of the capital. That he did not completely destroy the enemy was no fault of his.

General Lee is the most successful general of the age. His exploits are brilliant almost beyond example. When we say this of a man who commands an immense army, it is supererogatory to say anything of his talents. Nothing but genius of the highest order can conceive the combinations necessary to insure the uninterrupted success of so large a host, over an enemy greatly superior in force. In all departments of science his acquirements are great, and has besides an uncommon stock of general information. His judgment is as quick as his military glance, and it rarely deceives. Withal he is one of the most unpretending men in the world—a thorough gentleman in his manners—very affable to all who approach him—and extremely amiable in private life. He is about five feet ten inches high, was eminently handsome in his youth, is still one of the finest looking men in the army, rides like a knight of the old crusading days, is indefatigable in business, and bears fatigue like a man of iron.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

LIEUT. GEN. THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born January 21, 1824, in Clarksburg, Harrison county, Virginia. His great grandfather, an Englishman by birth, emigrated to the western portion of Virginia; and Edward Jackson, grandfather of the general, was surveyor of Lewis county for a long time, representing it in the Legislature. His son, Jonathan Jackson, father of the general, moved to Clarksburg, where he studied and commenced the practice of law with his cousin, John G. Jackson, acquiring considerable reputation, and marrying Miss Neal, a daughter of Thomas Neal, of Wood county. He, however, became embarrassed in his circumstances by going security for friends, and all his property was eventually swept away. When he died, in 1827, his children were left penniless. These children were four in number—two sons and two daughters—Thomas, the subject of this sketch, being the youngest, and at the time but three years old.

The child was thus left upon the very threshold of life to learn the hard lesson of poverty. But this lesson, thus early learned, bore ample fruits in a soil so rich and auspicious to the finer growth of the human soul. The young man was taught from the very commencement of his earthly career to make up by honest toil for the neglect of fortune, and, instead of frittering away his time and faculties in the haunts of pleasure or the frivolous pursuits of youths generally, to turn his attention to the more ennobling aims of life, and fit himself for that career in which he was to secure his great fame.

Soon after the death of his parents he was taken to the home of an uncle in Lewis county, and remained at that place—the family homestead of the Jacksons, in which his father had been born—until he reached the age of seventeen. Here he labored on the farm in summer and went to school three months in the winter, gaining the rudiments of a plain English education—what he acquired subsequently was due to his stay at West Point and his ultimate studies at the Virginia Military Institute. His habits of life, even at this early age, are said to have been grave and serious—his discharge of every duty conscientious and complete. He assisted his uncle in the management of the farm, and soon secured among the residents of the county a high character for industry, intelligence and probity. His orphan condition excited great sympathy among the neighbors, who knew and respected the good character of the Jackson family, and every assistance was rendered him in his struggle to carve out his own pathway in life and secure an honorable independence. A proof of this friendly

sympathy is contained in the fact that, at the age of *sixteen*, he was elected constable of the county of Lewis, the duties of which office he discharged with intelligence and credit.

The inclinations of the young man seem, however, to have pointed out early towards arms as a profession. Some hereditary instinct of his family for war probably developed itself in the grave and serious youth—but to those who believe, as we do, that a mightier hand than man's shapes all human events, this early inclination will appear to have been the means of fitting him for the grand part he was eventually to have in the assertion of Southern liberties. It is certain that young Jackson found himself impelled toward a military career, and at the age of seventeen he set out for Washington, on foot, to secure, if possible, an appointment as cadet at West Point. This he was enabled to do through the instrumentality of some political friends, and he entered upon his studies there in 1842.

In July, 1846, at the age of twenty-two, he graduated with distinction, was brevetted second lieutenant, and immediately ordered to report for duty in Mexico, under General Taylor. He served under that commander until General Scott took the field, when he was transferred to the command of the latter. His military career was distinguished and his promotion rapid. In August, 1847, he was made first lieutenant in Magruder's battery; brevetted captain for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco," August 20th, 1847, (August, 1848,) and brevetted major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chepultepec," September 13th, 1847, (March, 1849.) No other officer had so distinguished himself and risen so rapidly as the young Virginian. The unknown youth had, in this brief space of time, attracted the attention of his generals, and become one of the most promising young officers of the army.

The climate of the country had, however, told powerfully upon a frame at no time very robust. His health became so impaired that he was unable to discharge his duties, and, with the high sense of honor which marked his character, he, on the conclusion of peace, resigned his commission, (February 29th, 1852.) Returning to Virginia, he obtained a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, and continued in the performance of the important duties of this position until the breaking out of the present war. Soon after entering upon his duties at the Military Institute, he married Miss Junkin, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, principal of the Washington College. This lady and her children died, and he was afterwards married to Miss Morrison, of North Carolina—his only living child, a daughter, born shortly before his death, being the sole issue of this marriage.

It is said that, while in Mexico, a battery of the enemy was pouring a storm of shot and shell down a road, along which he wished his men to advance. They remained under cover, out of the fire, shaken in nerve and fearing to venture forth. This was excessively distasteful and mortifying to their young commander, and, leaving them, he advanced to the road, and calmly walked up

and down among the plunging shot and shell, calling out, coolly, "Come on—this is nothing—you see they can't hurt me!"

It will thus be seen that, either from native courage or that sentiment of predestination alluded to, young Jackson had already acquired the dauntless nerve and coolness which afterwards rendered him so famous.

The penetrating eyes of Napoleon, had he seen that youth calmly walking amid the heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, and declaring coolly that it "could not hurt him," would have discerned much in his face—would have understood that this young man would "go far."

The first position, we believe, held by General Jackson, after the secession of Virginia, was that of commandant of the camp of instruction at the Fair Grounds, in Richmond. He, however, did not remain long in this position. Having received the first colonel's commission issued by the State after her secession, he was ordered to a point where he would be of more use to the cause in which we were about to engage. Accordingly, on the 3d of May, 1861, he took command at Harper's Ferry, and continued in that position until the 23d of May, when he was relieved by General Joseph E. Johnston. Jackson was then assigned to the command of the infantry of the army of the Shenandoah.

General Johnston, after taking command, assigned to Colonel Jackson the important duty of checking the Yankee General Patterson in his advance. That duty was performed to the entire satisfaction of General Johnston and the country. In his official report of the battle of Manassas, General Johnston said:

"On the 2d of July, General Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Colonel Jackson, pursuant to instructions, fell back before him. In retiring, he gave him a severe lesson in the affair at Falling Waters. With a battalion of the 5th Virginia regiment (Harper's) and Pendleton's battery of field artillery, he engaged the enemy's advance. Skilfully taking a position where the smallness of his force was concealed, he engaged them for a considerable time, inflicted a heavy loss, and retired when about to be outflanked, scarcely losing a man, but bringing off *forty-five* prisoners."

Shortly after this affair, Colonel Jackson was made a Brigadier-General, and it was understood that the promotion was in consequence of his conduct at Falling Waters.

But it was at the battle of Manassas that Jackson was to display, in their fullest extent, those heroic qualities of stubborn courage and dauntless resolution which characterized him, and to arouse that enthusiasm which, in the latter months of his life, rendered him the idol of the popular heart.

At the battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861, Jackson, with his brigade, was placed in the rear of General Longstreet, near Blackburn's Ford, the scene of the battle of the 18th. This force, which, on that day, won the name of the "Old Stonewall Brigade," consisted of the 2d Virginia, Colonel Allen; the 4th Virginia, Colonel James L. Preston; the 5th Virginia, Colonel Harper; the 27th Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Echols, and the 33d Virginia,

Colonel Cumming; numbering in all 2,611 of the bravest and best men of the Valley of Virginia.

HOW HE GOT THE NAME OF "STONEWALL."

'Twas at the first battle of Manassas, when the Southern leaders "saw with irrepressible anguish the exhaustion of the troops, the waning fortunes of the day, and the countless reserves which the enemy hurled incessantly upon their thin and weary lines. Among these was the heroic General Bee, in command of the 4th Alabama and some Mississippians, who were nearly worn out by the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. Bee rode up and down the lines, cheering on the men, and beseeching them, by all they held dear, not to give way, when he met Jackson, and said, in the bitter despair of his heart, "*General, they are beating us back!*" The face of the stern, silent soldier betrayed no answering emotion. The keen eye glittered for an instant; the lips opened; and in the curt, peculiar tones of the speaker he said, "*Sir, we will give them the bayonet!*" Bee seemed to gather new inspiration from the words; he galloped back to the remnants of his command, and, fronting to Jackson, called out to his men, "*There is Jackson standing like a stonewall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me!*" * * *

At Manassas, "the country had gained a splendid victory against enormous odds; and, although he did not then know it, Jackson had gained a name with which he is forever inseparably identified. When the heroic Bee exclaimed, "There is Jackson standing *like a stonewall*," he unconsciously employed a term which thenceforth clung to Jackson more closely than his baptismal appellation. From that hot day of battle, the leader of the men of the Valley was known as "Stonewall Jackson"—his command as the "Stonewall Brigade." Many are ignorant and few recall the fact, that the great soldier was christened "Thomas Jonathan." His veritable christening in the popular heart was on that evening of Manassas, when Bee, about to surrender his great soul to his Maker, baptized him, amid blood and fire, "STONEWALL JACKSON!"

On Saturday, the 22d of April, General Jackson rapidly moved his little army from camp near Mount Jackson back to Cedar Creek, twenty-six miles, in one day, and camped there that night, making his headquarters in Strasburg, which was evacuated by the enemy the day before. Early the next morning (Sunday) he again moved forward, and his artillery opened on the enemy, near Kernstown, about twelve o'clock. An artillery duel was kept up until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy's infantry advanced in force, and were met heroically by Jackson's brave little band. Three times the "stars and stripes" fell, and three times did our gallant troops drive the enemy headlong to the hill. The first brigade (the "Stonewall") finally came up, and again a fresh column of the enemy was driven back, leaving the side of the hill black with their dead.

No battle has been fought during the war against such odds and under such trying circumstances. With a force not exceeding 3,500 men—men who

had been on forced marches for weeks, the ranks thinned by the process of re-organization in front of the enemy—Jackson attacked 20,000 fresh troops, repulsed them again and again, and so crippled the dastardly foe that he dared not, with all his numbers, follow him in his retreat. Notwithstanding the great disparity in their forces, the enemy themselves could claim nothing more than a "*drawn battle.*"

We next hear of the untiring hero at Swift Run Gap, occupying a strong position, with daily skirmishes with the enemy. He remained in this position a short time, and then fell back to Staunton. In the meantime, the enemy had fallen back down the Valley for the purpose of uniting the commands of McDowell, Banks and Fremont. Immediately after this movement on the part of the enemy, Jackson, with his forces, on the 7th of May, 1861, left Staunton, and on the evening of the same day the rear-guard of his army encamped four miles west of Buffalo Gap, fourteen miles from Staunton. General Johnston's forces had advanced to Shenandoah Mountain, in pursuit of Millroy, who was falling back before the united forces of Jackson and Johnston. Millroy is said to have had about 8,000 effective men.

On Thursday, the 8th, a bloody fight took place between Jackson's forces and the enemy under General Millroy, at Sutlington Hill, near McDowell. After four hours' fighting, the enemy were completely routed and driven from all points. General Jackson thus briefly and gracefully announced his victory:

VALLEY DISTRICT, *May 9th*, 1862,
Via STAUNTON, *May 10th*.

TO GENERAL S. COOPER:

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Fremont was expected to re-inforce Millroy the day the fight took place, but did not arrive in time. Jackson captured in this fight one hundred boxes of ammunition, five hundred Enfield rifles and Minie muskets, from sixty to seventy-five cavalry saddles, and nearly two hundred head of cattle, which had been stolen from the citizens living in the vicinity, by the Yankees. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be about 1,300.

After the fight, the remnant of Millroy's army was re-inforced by Fremont, and we hear nothing more from our gallant hero until the battle of Winchester, which was announced in an official dispatch from General Jackson:

WINCHESTER, *May 26*.

During the last three days God has blessed our arms with brilliant success. On Friday, the Federals at Front Royal were routed, and one section of artillery, in addition to many prisoners, captured. On Saturday, Banks' main column, whilst retreating from Strasburg to Winchester, was pierced; the rear part retreating towards Strasburg. On Sunday, the other part was routed at

this place. At last accounts, Brigadier-General George H. Stuart was pursuing them with cavalry and artillery, and capturing many. A large amount of medical, ordnance and other stores have fallen into our hands.

T. J. JACKSON.

After his defeat, Banks, with the remnant of his army, fled across the Potomac. The stores captured at Martinsburg were immense. The result of this fight was the annihilation of an army from 12,000 to 15,000, the capture of an amount of provisions, small arms, ordnance stores, horses, wagons and camp equipage almost incredible, and the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio road, the main artery which connects the Yankee capital with the West! Jackson took six thousand fine rifles, two thousand muskets, six hundred sacks of salt, four hundred wagons, many horses, twelve pieces of artillery, (three being rifled Parrot guns,) $100,000 worth of medicines, hospital stores of every imaginable kind—splints, amputating instruments, chloroform, oranges, lemons, dried fruits, fresh cheese, every luxury a sick man could desire, and clothes without limit. Colonel Ashby, hearing of many Yankee sutlers who had recently set up their shops in the country, seized them and loaded two hundred wagons with the plunder. A portion of the captured stores had to be destroyed in our retreat, but all the guns and medicines were saved.

General Jackson followed Banks in his retreat, striking a blow wherever opportunity offered, until he reached the Potomac. He then turned to meet the combined forces of the enemy under Fremont, Shields and Dix, who were endeavoring to get in his rear. He fell back this side of Winchester, making a stand at Port Republic, in Rockingham county, a short distance this side of South river.

Sunday morning, the 8th of June, 1862, the enemy crossed the river in two columns, and made an attack—Fremont being pitted against Ewell, and Shields against Jackson. After a short conflict, Freemont was completely routed and hotly pursued by Ewell, while Jackson held Shields in check, and was pressing him against the Shenandoah. The following characteristic dispatch was received from Jackson announcing the victory:

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, *9th*,
Via STAUNTON, *June* 10*th*, 1862.

To S. COOPER, Adjutant-General:

Through God's blessing, the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

[Signed] T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General Commanding.

The old hero, after giving the *astute* Yankee generals a severe lesson in the art of war, left them fortifying against his advance, and proceeded with his victorious army in a different direction. We hear nothing more from him until the ball opens in front of Richmond. At the battle of Gaines' Mill—in the darkest hour and moment—at that period in the day's fight when the enemy

had almost succeeded in flanking us on the left—great consternation is heard in the woods! Volley upon volley is heard in rapid succession, which is at once recognized and cheered by our men. "It is JACKSON," they shout, "on our right!" Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army had flanked the enemy, and were getting in his rear. Jackson had moved fast, and was now endeavoring to head the retreating foe. Just as the sun was about to sink in the West—just as the last volleys are indistinctly heard in the enemy's rear—a courier arrives, announcing that, "through the Providence of God," Jackson had fallen upon the retreating column, broken it, and captured three hundred prisoners. The battle was won, and the exhausted heroes, who had remained to strike the finishing blow, wrap their martial cloaks around them, and quietly sleep upon the field of battle.

Several carefully prepared biographies of General Jackson having already been published, (to one of which—Major Cooke's—we are indebted for much contained in this brief sketch,) we deem it unnecessary to enter into further details, and, therefore, come to the closing chapter in the life of this great and good man.

It was at the battle of Chancellorsville, on the 28th of April, 1863, after the conflict was over, when Jackson himself had said "the danger is all over, the enemy is routed," and he had given the order for A. P. Hill "to press on," that the chieftain turned from the front, and, accompanied by his staff, rode back, in a trot, toward his own men. Unhappily in the darkness—it was now nine or ten o'clock at night—the little body of horsemen was mistaken for Federal cavalry charging, and the regiments on the right and left of the road fired a sudden volley into them with the most lamentable results. Captain Boswell, of General Jackson's staff, was killed, and borne into our lines by his horse; Colonel Crutchfield, chief of artillery, was wounded; and two couriers were killed. General Jackson received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder-joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; a second passed through the same arm, between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of his right hand, about the middle, and, passing through, broke two of the bones. He fell from his horse, and was caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he said, "All my wounds are by my own men."

The firing was responded to by the enemy, who made a sudden advance, and, the Confederates falling back, their foes actually charged over Jackson's body. He was not discovered, however, and the Federals being driven back in turn, he was rescued. Ready hands placed him upon a litter, and he was borne to the rear, amid a heavy fire from the enemy. One of the litter bearers was shot down, and the general fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm and injuring the side severely. The enemy's fire of artillery on the point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes until the fire slackened, then placed in an ambulance and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and

at one time told Dr. McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was nearly pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field, frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, "Who have you there?" He told the doctor, "Do not tell the troops I am wounded."

On the Thursday following, all pain had ceased, but a mortal prostration came on, from which he never recovered. He still conversed feebly, and said, "I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could."

From this time he continued to sink, and on Sunday morning it was obvious that he could only live a few hours longer. His mind was still clear, however, and he asked Major Pendleton, his adjutant-general, "who was preaching at headquarters on that day?" Mrs. Jackson was with him during his last moments, and conversed with him fully and freely. She informed him that he was about to die, and his reply was, "*Very good, very good: it is all right!*"

He then sent messages to all his friends, the generals and others, and murmured, in a low voice, his wish to be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

His mind then began to wander, and that delirium which seizes upon the most powerful minds, the most vigorous brains, at the mysterious moment, when the last sands fall from the glass, began to affect him. He gave orders to the commissary of his corps, the surgeons, and the commanders. Among the last words which escaped his lips were, "A. P. Hill prepare for action."

After this he speedily sank, and at fifteen minutes past three in the evening he tranquilly expired.

MAJOR JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY.

Among the daring partisans of the present war, few have rendered such valuable services to the cause as Major John S. Mosby.

John Singleton Mosby is the son of Alfred D. Mosby, formerly of Albemarle county, Va., but now residing in the vicinity of Lynchburg. He is the maternal grandson of Mr. James McLaurine, Sr., late of Powhatan county, Virginia. His mother was Miss Virginia J. McLaurine.

The subject of our sketch was born in Powhatan county, Va., on the 6th of December, 1833, and was educated at the University of Virginia. When quite a young man he was married to the daughter of the Hon. Beverly Clarke, late United States minister to Central America.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, Mosby resided at Bristol, Washington county, Va., where he was successfully engaged in the practice of law. He immediately gave up his profession, and entered

the army as a private, becoming a member of a company raised in Washington county, and commanded by Captain Jones—now General Jones—in which position he served for twelve months. Upon the promotion of Captain Jones to the colonelcy of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, Mosby was chosen as adjutant.

He continued in this position but a short time, for upon the re-organization of the regiment, from some cause the colonel was thrown out, and consequently his adjutant relieved of duty. Mosby was then chosen by General J. E. B. Stuart as a sort of independent scout.

He first attracted public attention when General Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, fell back from Manassas. On this occasion, desiring to ascertain whether the movement of McClellan was a feint, or if he really intended to march his army to the Peninsula, General Johnston despatched Mosby to gain the desired information. Taking five men with him, Mosby went in the rear of McClellan's army, where he remained some days, spending his time in converse with the Yankee soldiers, from whom he gained all necessary information, and then made his way safely back to General Johnston's headquarters.

During the summer of 1862, Major Mosby was sent from Hanover Court-house on a mission to General Jackson, who was then on the upper Rapidan. He was the bearer of an oral communication, and as the route was dangerous, had no papers about him except a brief note to serve as a voucher of his identity and reliability. With this note the major proceeded on his journey, and stopping at Beaver Dam station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, to rest and feed his horse, was, while quietly sitting on the platform at the depot, surprised and bagged by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry.

Now, to be caught thus napping, in an unguarded moment, was gall and wormwood to the brave major. He had deceived and outwitted the enemy so often, had escaped from their clutches so regularly up to that time, that to find himself surprised thus, filled him with internal rage. From that moment his sentiments toward the enemy increased in intensity. They had been all along decidedly unfriendly—they were now bitter. They took him away with them, searched him, and filched his credentials, and published them as an item of interest in the Northern papers, and immured the partisan in the Old Capitol.

In due course of time he was exchanged. He returned with a handsome new satchel and an increased affection for the Yankees. He laughed at his misfortunes, but set down the account to the credit of the enemy, to be settled at a more convenient opportunity.

One of the most daring exploits of this gallant partisan is thus graphically described by the army correspondent of the "Illustrated News:"

Previous to the 8th of March, Major Mosby had put himself to much trouble to discover the strength and positions of the enemy in Fairfax county, with the design of making a raid in that direction, if circumstances permitted. The information brought to him was as follows: On the Little River turnpike, at Germantown, a mile or two distant from Fairfax, were three regiments of the

enemy's cavalry, commanded by Colonel Wyndham, acting brigadier-general, with his headquarters at the court-house. Within a few hundred yards of the town were two infantry regiments. In the vicinity of Fairfax station, about two miles off, an infantry brigade was encamped. And at Centreville there was another infantry brigade, with cavalry and artillery.

Thus the way to Fairfax Court-house, the point which the major desired to reach, seemed completely blocked up with troops of all arms—infantry, artillery and cavalry. If he attempted to approach by the Little River turnpike, Colonel Wyndham's troopers would meet him full in front. If he tried the route by the Warrenton turnpike, a brigade of infantry, with cavalry to pursue and artillery to thunder at him, was first to be defeated. If he glided in along the railroad, the brigade at Fairfax station was in his track.

The "situation" would have appeared desperate to almost any one, however adventurous, but danger and adventure had attractions for Major Mosby. If the peril was great and the probability of success slender, all the greater would be the glory if he succeeded. And the temptation was great. At Fairfax Court-house, the general headquarters of that portion of the army, Brigadier-General Stoughton and other officers of high rank were there known to be, and if these could be captured, great would be his triumph, and horrible the consequent gnashing of teeth among the enemy.

In spite of the enormous obstacles which presented themselves in his path, Major Mosby determined to undertake no less an enterprise than entering the town, seizing the officers in their beds, destroying the huge quantities of public stores, and bearing off his prisoners in triumph.

The night of Sunday, March 8th, was chosen as favorable to the expedition. The weather was infamous, the night as dark as pitch, and it was raining steadily. With a detachment of twenty-nine men, Major Mosby set out on his raid.

He made his approach from the direction of Aldie. Proceeding down the Little River turnpike, the main route from the court-house to the mountains, he reached a point within about three miles of Chantilly. Here, turning to the right, he crossed the Frying Pan road, about half-way between Centreville and the turnpike, keeping in the woods, and leaving Centreville well to the right. He was now advancing in the triangle which is made by the Little River and Warrenton turnpikes and the Frying Pan road. Those who are familiar with the country there will easily understand the object of this proceeding. By thus cutting through the triangle, Major Mosby avoided all pickets, scouting parties, and the enemy generally, who would only keep a look out for intruders on the main roads.

Advancing in this manner through the woods, pierced with devious and uncertain paths only, which the dense darkness scarcely enabled them to follow, the partisan and his little band finally struck into the Warrenton road, between Centreville and Fairfax, at a point about mid-way between the two places. One danger had thus been successfully avoided—a challenge from parties of cavalry

on the Little River road, or discovery by the force posted at Centreville. That place was now in their rear; they had "snaked" around it and its warders; but the perils of the enterprise had scarcely commenced. Fairfax Court-house was still about four miles distant, and it was girdled with cavalry and infantry. Every approach was guarded, and the attempt to enter the place seemed desperate, but the major determined to essay it.

Advancing resolutely, he came within a mile and a half of the place, when he found the way barred by a heavy force. Directly in his path were the infantry camps, of which he had been notified, and all advance was checked in that direction. The major did not waver in his purpose, however. Making a detour to the right, and leaving the enemy's camps far to his left, he struck into the road leading from Fairfax southward to the railroad.

This avenue was guarded like the rest, but by a picket only; and Mosby knew thoroughly how to deal with pickets. Before the sleepy and unsuspicious Yankees were aware of their danger, they found pistols presented at their heads, with the option of surrender or death presented to them. They surrendered immediately, were taken in charge, and, without further ceremony, Major Mosby and his band entered the town.

From that moment the utmost silence, energy and rapidity of action were requisite. The major had designed reaching the court-house at midnight, but had been delayed two hours by mistaking the road in the pitch darkness. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and an hour and a half, at the very utmost, was left him to finish his business and escape before daylight. If morning found him anywhere in that vicinity, he knew that his retreat would be cut off, and the whole party killed or captured, and this would have spoiled the whole fun of the affair. He accordingly made his dispositions rapidly, enjoined complete silence, and set to work in earnest. The small band was divided into detachments, with special duties assigned to each. Two or three of these detachments were sent to the public stables where the fine horses of the general and his staff officers occupied, with instructions to carry them off without noise. Another party was sent to Colonel Wyndham's headquarters to take him prisoner. Another to Colonel Johnson's, with similar orders.

Taking six men with him, Major Mosby, who proceeded upon sure information, went straight to the headquarters of Brigadier-General Stoughton. This worthy was a Vermonter, and a terrific son of Mars; a graduate of West Point, and a suppress-the-rebellion-in-ninety-days' man. He had just been assigned to the command of the post, and much was expected from a brigadier of such ardor and zeal in the service.

Alas! how little control have we over our own fates—a moral observation which the present narrative powerfully enforces:

> "'Twas midnight, in his guarded tent
> The Turk was dreaming of the hour
> When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
> Should tremble at his power."

And, lo! the brigadier was even then in the power of that Marco Bozzaris, Major Mosby. "Stoughton's Bitters" came in the shape of a Confederate partisan!

The major entered his chamber without much ceremony, and found him reposing in all the dignity and grandeur of a brigadier-general commanding, whose person and slumbers are sacred. Making his way toward the bed, in the dark, the partisan shook him suddenly by the shoulder.

"Who is that?" growled the sleepy brigadier.

"Get up quick, I want you," responded the major.

"Do you know who I am," cried the brigadier, sitting up in bed, with a scowl. "I will have you arrested, sir."

"Do you know who *I* am?" retorted the major, shortly.

"Who are you?"

"Did you ever hear of Mosby?"

"Yes! Tell me, have you caught the —— rascal!"

"No; but he has caught you!" And the major chuckled.

"What does all this mean, sir?" cried the furious brigadier.

"It means, sir," the major replied, very coolly, "that Stuart's cavalry are in possession of this place, and you are my prisoner. Get up and come along, or you are a dead man!"

The brigadier groaned in anguish of soul, but was compelled to obey, and the partisan mounted, and placed him under guard. His staff and escort were captured without difficulty, but two of the former, owing to the darkness and confusion, subsequently made their escape.

Meanwhile the other detachments were at work. They entered the stables, and led out fifty-eight horses, with their accoutrements, all belonging to officers, and took a number of prisoners. Hundreds of horses were left, for fear of encumbering the retreat.

The other parties were less successful. Colonel Wyndham had gone to Washington on the preceding day; but his acting adjutant-general and aide-de-camp were made prisoners. Colonel Johnson, having received notice of the presence of the party, succeeded in making his escape.

It was now about half-past three in the morning, and it behooved Major Mosby, unless he relished being killed or captured, to effect his retreat. Time was barely left him to get out of the lines of the enemy before daylight, and none was to be lost.

He had intended to destroy the valuable quartermaster, commissary and sutler's stores in the place, but these were found to be in the houses which it would have been necessary to burn; and, even had the proceeding been advisable, time was wanting. The band was encumbered by three times as many horses and prisoners as it numbered men, and day was approaching. The major accordingly made his dispositions rapidly for retiring.

The prisoners, thirty-five in number, were as follows: Brigadier-General E. H. Stoughton; Baron R. Wordener, an Austrian, aide-de-camp to Colonel

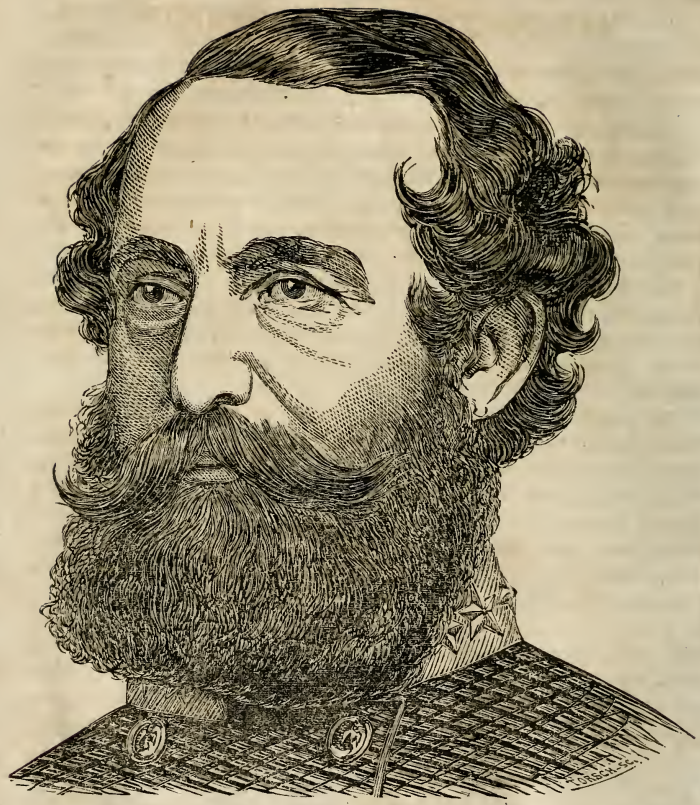
Wyndham; Captain A. Barker, 5th New York Cavalry; Colonel Wyndham's acting adjutant-general; thirty prisoners, chiefly of the 18th Pennsylvania and 1st Ohio Cavalry, and the telegraph operator at the place. These were placed upon the captured horses, and the band set out in silence on their return.

Major Mosby took the same road which had conducted him into the court-house—that which led to Fairfax station. But this was only to deceive the enemy as to his line of retreat, if they attempted pursuit. He soon turned off, and pursued the same road which he had followed in advancing, coming out on the Warrenton turnpike, about a mile and a half from the town. This time, finding no guards on the main road, he continued to follow the turnpike until he came to the belt of woods, which crosses the road, about half a mile from Centreville. At this point of the march, one of the prisoners, Captain Barker, no doubt counting on aid from the garrison, made a desperate effort to effect his escape. He broke from the guards, dashed out of the ranks, and tried hard to reach the fort. He was stopped, however, by a shot from one of the party, which came so near him that he thought it advisable not to risk a repetition of it. He accordingly came back and gave himself up again to his enemies.

Again turning to the right, the major proceeded on his way, passing directly beneath the frowning fortifications. He passed so near them that he distinctly saw the bristling muzzles of the cannon in the embrazures, and was challenged by the sentinel on the redoubt. Making no reply, he pushed on rapidly—for the day was dawning and no time was to be lost—passed within a hundred yards of the infantry pickets without molestation, swam Cub Run, and again came out on the Warrenton turnpike at Groveton. He had passed through all his enemies, flanked Centreville, was on the open road to the South; he was safe! He had penetrated to the very heart of the enemy's position; glided through their camps; captured their pickets; seized their officers in bed; borne off their horses; laughed at, and befooled, and outwitted them completely; and had not lost a man in the interprise!

The exploits of Major Mosby would furnish material for a volume which would resemble rather a romance than a true statement of actual occurrences. He has been the chief actor in so many raids, encounters and adventures, that his memoirs, if he committed them to paper, would be regarded as the efforts of his fancy.

The same correspondent gives the annexed pen-and-ink sketch of the gallant major: His figure is slight, muscular, supple and vigorous; his eye is keen, penetrating, ever on the alert; he wears his sabre and pistol with the air of a man who sleeps with them buckled around his waist, and handles them habitually, almost unconsciously. The major is a determined man in a charge, dangerous on a scout, hard to outwit, and prone to "turn up" suddenly where he is least expected, and bang away with pistol and carbine.



MAJOR-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

MAJOR-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

Major-General Wade Hampton was born in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1818. His father, Colonel Wade Hampton, was a distinguished officer in the war of 1812 and an aide-de-camp to General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. He was an eminent and esteemed citizen of South Carolina, distinguished as an enlightened and liberal agriculturist, and greatly respected for his elevated and pure character as a man.

The mother of the subject of our sketch was Miss Anne Fitz Simmons, daughter of Christopher Fitz Simmons, for many years a merchant of Charleston city. His grandfather was General Wade Hampton, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and for a number of years a prominent citizen of South Carolina.

The present General Hampton, who, it will be seen, descended from a long line of military heroes, received his education at the South Carolina College, where he graduated, with much distinction, at a very early age. While yet quite a young man, he was married to the youngest daughter of General Francis Preston, of Virginia, by which union he had three children—two of them gallant young officers in the Confederate army, and worthy the military name which they bear. The present wife of General Hampton is the only daughter of Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina.

Previous to the present war, General Hampton devoted his time and attention almost exclusively to planting, and with much success. He has, however, served in both branches of the South Carolina Legislature, and gave evidence of intellectual qualities which promised high distinction. His argument against the opening of the African slave trade was spoken of as a master-piece of elegant and statesmanlike logic, dictated by the noblest sentiments of the Christian and patriot.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, General Hampton, under authority of the President, raised a splendid legion, and, with profuse and characteristic liberality, contributed largely towards equipping it. The legion was marched to Virginia in time to take an active and efficient part in the first battle of Manassas. General Hampton was wounded in the head, during this battle, while gallantly leading his command into action.

Throughout all the subsequent campaigns in Virginia, he took a prominent part, receiving a severe wound at Seven Pines. After the batttles around

Richmond, he was promoted to the position of brigadier-general of cavalry under Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, in which position he has been untiring, and has attracted the attention of the entire Confederacy. He has since had the rank of major-general conferred upon him by the President.

In the desperate fight at Gettysburg, General Hampton received three wounds—one in the hip from a shrapnel and two sabre cuts in the head—all severe, but, fortunately for his country, not fatal.

General Hampton's family residence is in Columbia, South Carolina, and is known by all Southerners as the abode of true Southern hospitality, and as one of the handsomest places in the entire South.

MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH.

MAJ. GEN. GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH.

General Gustavus Woodson Smith was born on the 1st day of January, 1822, near Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky. His parents were both natives of the same county. His grand-parents—paternal and maternal—removed from Eastern Virginia to Kentucky in the time of Daniel Boone, whilst the red men still disputed with the whites for possession of their favorite hunting-ground—the far-famed "Blue Grass District." He is by lineage, education and habits a thorough Kentuckian.

Through the influence of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, then Vice President of the United States, who was the close neighbor and life-long personal and political friend of Rodes Smith, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch, Gustavus W. Smith was appointed a cadet, and entered the United States Military Academy in 1838, and, at the end of six months, had established a reputation for ability of no ordinary character, and was placed *first* in mathematics in a class reported to be equal, if not superior, to any ever graduated at West Point.

On leaving the Military Academy in 1842, he was appointed a lieutenant in the United States Corps of Engineers. In 1846, although still a second lieutenant and low on the list, because of the slow promotion in that celebrated corps, he was selected by the chief engineer and ordered upon duty as *senior* lieutenant of the company of "sappers and miners," or engineer soldiers, then being recruited and organized.

Soon after reaching Mexico, in October, 1846, the captain of the company was taken sick, and died in New Orleans, on his way to his home. Second Lieutenant Smith, as senior officer, assumed command of the company, and retained it to the end of the war. The other officers of the company were Brevet Second Lieutenants George B. McClellan and John G. Foster.

This company and its officers had an active and leading part in all the operations of the army, in marches, reconnoisances, sieges and battles—Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Chepultapec, and the city of Mexico.

In the city of Mexico, Lieutenant Smith, at the age of twenty-five, was, by the Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, officially announced as being "more often and more highly distinguished than any young officer he had ever known." For "signal and distinguished services" he received two brevets—one at Cerro Gordo and one at Contreras. He was recommended more highly and performed more important services, both at Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, but the

arbitrary and unjust rule had been laid down, and was rigidly adhered to, that no *second* lieutenants should receive more than *two* brevets.

Many of Lieutenant Smith's former juniors, who belonged to corps in which promotion was more rapid than in that of the engineers, had reached the grade of first lieutenant, and, by receiving two brevets upon that grade, were made majors; but none of these, it is believed, had a separate command.

In 1849, Lieutenant Smith was appointed principal assistant professor of engineering and the art of war at West Point Military Academy, with the rank of captain, and continued to fill that position until the 18th of December, 1854, at which time he resigned from the army of the United States.

In February, 1855, he went to New Orleans, and in October, 1856, removed from that place to the city of New York.

Captain Gustavus W. Smith, as he was still called, won for himself in civil life a reputation fully equal to that which he had previously established in the army. His administration for three years of the highly responsible position confided to him in the city of New York is regarded by the ablest and best men of that city as unequalled for ability and sterling integrity, and wrung even from his political foes a mead of praise of which any man might well feel proud.

From his connexions and political opinions, no one doubted which side Captain Smith would espouse. Time passed on. Fort Sumter was bombarded, the battle of Manassas fought, Kentucky was still in the old Union, and Captain Smith was yet in New York. He reached Kentucky early in August, 1861, and his Southern friends then learned that he had been suddenly stricken down by disease in New York city just two weeks before the bombardment of Fort Sumter—had been confined to his room for nearly three months, and so soon as he was able to travel, had proceeded to his old home in Kentucky, where he hoped to recuperate his shattered strength and health.

When the Kentucky Legislature, in the winter of 1861, by an almost unanimous vote, declared that the seceded States should not be coerced into the Union, it was understood in Kentucky that Captain Smith was the chosen military leader of that State. On arriving at home, he found that a majority of the people of Kentucky had been deceived and betrayed, and immediately determined not to be enchained with her even temporarily under the rule of the Yankees. He therefore left Kentucky, and, on reaching Nashville, offered his services to the President of the Confederate States, stating that he had left the North and come back to the South with the intention of sharing her destiny. In a few days afterwards he proceeded to Richmond, and, without application on his part, upon the recommendations of Generals A. S. Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, and Beauregard, was by the President appointed a major-general.

As commander of the second corps of the Army of the Potomac, whilst Beauregard commanded the first, and Joseph E. Johnston the army—as commander of the left wing of Johnston's army in the celebrated retreat from Centreville, and of the rear-guard and left wing from Yorktown in retiring

upon Richmond—his services upon the battle-field of "Seven Pines," where he had no special command until after General Johnston was wounded—his conduct as commander of Johnston's army from the time the latter was wounded until General Lee was ordered to take command of that army—his services as commander of Richmond and its defences, including the country from Wilmington to Winchester—his services in North Carolina during the two threatened advances of the enemy in December, 1862, and the following January, cannot and will not be forgotten by the army or the people.

In the early part of 1863, owing to some misunderstanding between himself and the President, General Smith resigned.

Immediately after his resignation was accepted, such was his patriotic desire to aid all in his power in our great struggle that he offered his services to General Beauregard as volunteer aid in the then expected attack on Charleston, in any capacity in which he could for the time being be made useful This offer was accepted, and he was with General Beauregard in the gallant defence of that city in April, 1863.

He now occupies the position as President of the Georgia Manufacturing and Mining Company at Etowah, Georgia; but we understand accepted this lucrative and responsible position with the distinct understanding that if ever his services are needed, or can be made available in defence of the State of Georgia, his present residence, or if when the great struggle is made by Kentuckians for Kentucky, which he believes is sure to come, that he must be relieved of the responsibilities of President, and receive his orders from the Governors of either of these States, to both of whom he has already pledged his services.

LIEUT. GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.

The name of no officer in the Confederate service has become more familiar to the general reader than that of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet. The number of important conflicts in which he has been engaged since the first shock of arms at Manassas, and the ability and gallantry he has displayed in each, has won for him a proud position in the front rank of distinguished Confederate officers.

James Longstreet was born in the State of South Carolina, and is about forty-three years of age. For many years past he has been a citizen of Alabama. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, as a cadet from South Carolina, and graduated in the class of 1842, so celebrated for the number of its distinguished members. Longstreet's grade was number fifty-four in the class, which contained about sixty members. Among his classmates we notice the names of Pope and Rosecranz of the Federal army, and D. H. Hill, Lovell, G. W. Smith, Van Dorn, M. L. Smith, Rains, McLaws and R. H. Anderson of the Confederate army. We venture the assertion that, notwithstanding the low grade of Longstreet in his class, there is not one of the above-named officers who would not willingly exchange reputations with James Longstreet, who has justly won the title of "the hard fighter."

On the 1st of July, 1842, General Longstreet took his position in the United States army, as a brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, in which he served until March, 1845, when he was transferred to the Eighth Regiment. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in February, 1847, having previously been distinguished in the battle of Monterey. From June, 1847, to July, 1849, he served as adjutant to his regiment. He was breveted captain for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, August 20th, 1847, and major for "gallantry" in the battle of El Molino del Rey, September 8th, 1847. He was highly distinguished and severely wounded in the assault on Chapultepec, September 13th, 1847. It will thus be seen that the career of Lieutenant Longstreet, in the Mexican war, was one of uncommon brilliancy, and that he came out of the war with an established reputation for courage and ability at the early age of twenty-seven. He became a captain in December, 1852, and paymaster, with the rank of major, in July, 1858.

General Longstreet was first brought prominently before the Southern public at the battle of Bull Run, on the 18th of July, 1861, where he commanded,

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

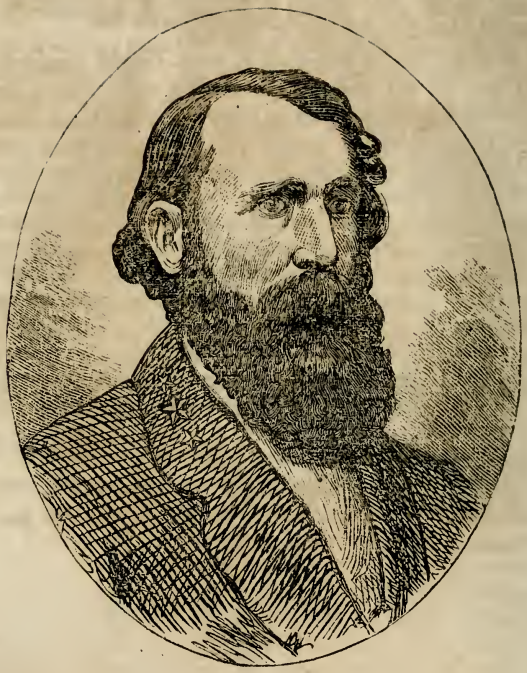
and subsequently at the battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861, in which he commanded a brigade under General Beauregard. He was afterwards made a major-general under General Joseph E. Johnston.

After the battles around Richmond, in which General Longstreet bore a prominent part, he was made lieutenant-general under General Lee, who assumed command of the army after the battle of Seven Pines, General Johnston having been wounded in that engagement. General Longstreet continued with the army of the Potomac until after the battle of Gettysburg, when he was transferred to the command of a separate army, which, at the present writing, (February, 1864,) is successfully engaged in the defence of East Tennessee.

As a "*fighter*," General Longstreet stands second to no officer in the army, and it is said that, during his connection with the army of the Potomac, General Lee reposed the most unbounded confidence in his coolness, skill and courage.

General Longstreet combines, in an eminent degree, the qualities of a great soldier, viz: the spirit and dash to storm a formidable position; the stubborn courage and cool judgment to maintain his ground against superior numbers, and the skill and ability to control and direct an army, either for offensive or defensive operations.

General Longstreet is about six feet high, weighs at least two hundred pounds, and, as will be seen by his portrait, wears a heavy, flowing brown beard. He is justly regarded as one of the finest looking men in the army.



LIEUT. GEN. AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

Ambrose Powell Hill was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, and is the son of Major Hill, who, for many years, was a leading politician and merchant of that county.

The subject of our sketch entered West Point, as a cadet from his native State, in 1843, and graduated on the 3d of June, 1847. On the 1st of July, 1847, he was commissioned brevet second lieutenant First Artillery, and on the 26th of August, 1847, he was promoted second lieutenant.

He entered the Confederate service at the commencement of the war, as colonel of the 13th Regiment Virginia Volunteers. At the first battle of Manassas, this regiment, with the remainder of General Joseph E. Johnston's command, arrived on the field just in time to insure and complete the great victory of that memorable day.

At the battle of Williamsburg he had risen to the rank of brigadier-general, and in that fight exhibited an extraordinary spirit and energy, which was recognized by all who observed his behaviour on the field.

In the disposition of the forces around Richmond previous to the seven days fighting, General Hill, who had now been made a major-general, occupied with his division the extreme left of our position in the neighborhood of Meadow Bridge. He was placed in command of one of the largest divisions of the army, composed of the brigades of Anderson, Branch, Pender, Gregg, Field, and, perhaps, some others, which he rapidly brought to perfection in organization. It was made his duty to cross at Meadow Bridge and make the first attack upon the enemy's forces. Here he maintained a terrible conflict with the enemy, encouraging his troops by examples of personal audacity, which kept him constantly exposed to the enemy's fire.

That position of the enemy being gained, the division of General Hill followed his subsequent movements, being placed first on the line of our advance and bearing the brunt of the action, to Frazer's farm, where occurred the memorable engagement in which his command, composed of his own and one division of General Longstreet's, fought the entire Yankee force, and achieved a success which broke the spirit of the invading horde and completed the circuit of our victories.

General Hill, with his battle-scarred, veterans has borne a conspicuous part in every battle fought by the army of the Potomac, from the first engagement at Manassas to the battle of Gettysburg.

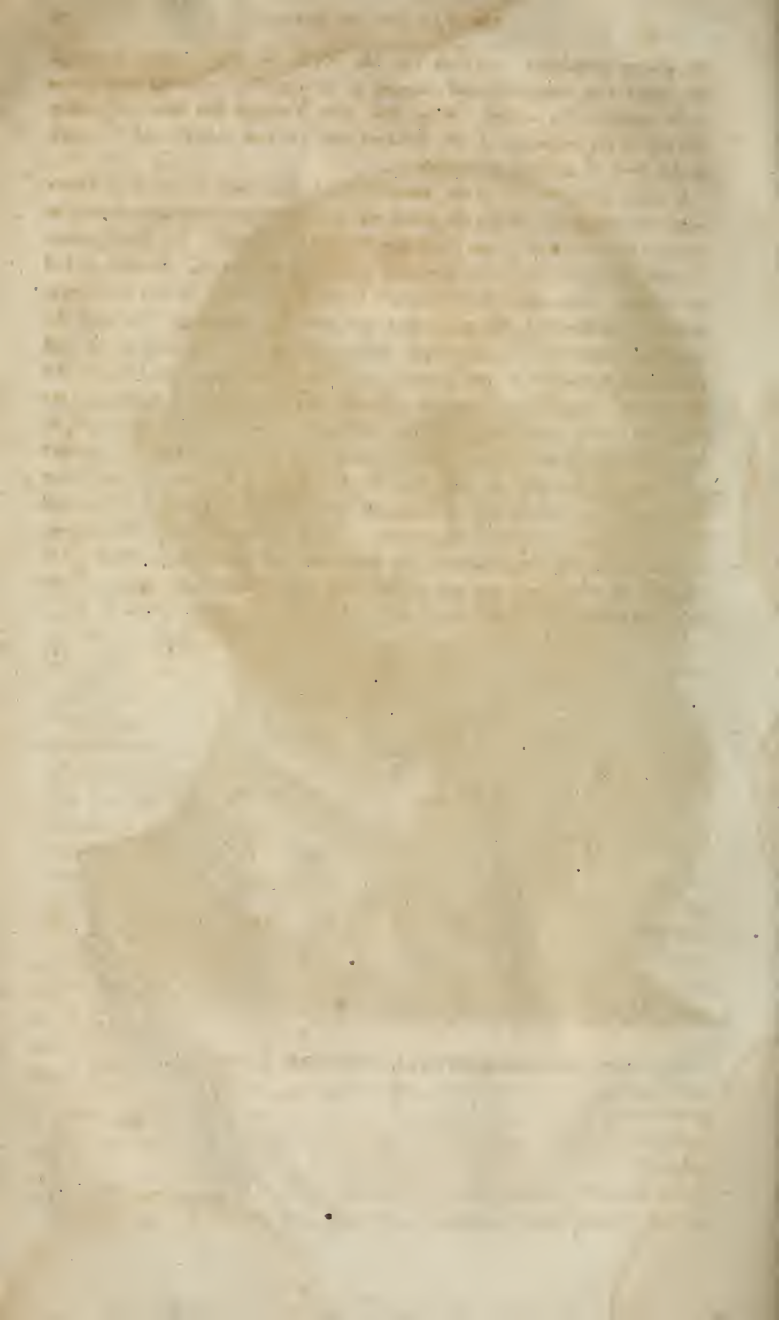
LIEUT. GEN. RICHARD S. EWELL.

Richard S. Ewell is a native of Prince William county, Virginia. We have not been able to ascertain the year of his birth; but, as he entered the Military Academy of West Point in 1836 and graduated in 1840, we presume he is somewhat turned of forty. He was appointed second lieutenant of cavalry by brevet on the 1st of July, 1840, and full second lieutenant the November following. On the 18th of September, 1845, he was made first lieutenant, and, with that rank, went into the Mexican war. He won his promotion to captain in the field, having received it for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco.

Captain Ewell was among the first to cast his fortune with the South when his native State seceded. His first appearance was at Fairfax Court-house, when a party of cavalry were surprised by the enemy, and Governor Smith succeeded in rallying them. Ewell, we believe, had no command; but, when the alarm took place, he rushed into the street, in the very midst of the danger, and, by his energetic remonstrances and fearless exposure of his person, contributed greatly to prevent a catastrophe. With the rank of colonel, we next find him in command of the camp of instruction for cavalry at Ashland. His services here were invaluable and their effect has been felt throughout the war. His discipline was stern and rigid, but humane, and, out of raw mounted militia, he soon formed a most efficient body of troops. At the first battle of Manassas, Ewell, now a brigadier, was stationed with his cavalry on the right. In that position, he was detained all day, without participating in the dangers and glory of the fight. An order was sent to him to advance to Centreville, and fall upon the flank and rear of the enemy. That order never reached him. Had it arrived in time, the consequence would have been the capture of 20,000 men, the utter destruction of the Yankee army, and, in all probability, the capture of Washington. Soon after this battle, Ewell was made a major-general and placed in command of a division.

Upon Jackson's retreat after the battle of Kernstown, Ewell was sent to re-inforce him. The two great soldiers seemed formed to act together. The utmost cordiality always existed between them. Each was too noble, too brave, too generous, to feel the slightest jealousy of the other. Upon all occasions, Jackson bore testimony to the invaluable services of Ewell; and Ewell, in return, always expressed the highest admiration for Jackson. In nearly all of Jackson's battles in the Valley, Ewell was a participant, and the part he bore

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL.



was always prominent. At Port Republic, Ewell was pitted against Fremont. He routed him completely and clapped an extinguisher upon his pretensions to be considered a soldier. Since that time, Fremont has been continually sinking in the estimation of the Yankees, and has now at last found his level, as the chief of an army of negroes.

General Ewell was in all the battles around Richmond in which Jackson's corps was engaged. When the latter was ordered to the Piedmont country to chastise the miscreant Pope, Ewell was his right-hand man. He distinguished himself greatly in the battle of Cedar mountain, and was the life and soul of the march to Manassas. In the second battle of that name, he was so severely wounded in the leg, that amputation was rendered necessary. He bore the operation with great fortitude and even cheerfulness. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he was removed to Richmond, where, in the house of his friend, Dr. Hancock, who had been his surgeon on a former occasion, he lay several months, occasionally suffering great pain. Having finally recovered, he was made a lieutenant-general and placed in command of one-half of Jackson's old corps, out of which two had been formed, General A. P. Hill commanding the other. It is said that Jackson, on his death-bed, expressed his earnest desire that Ewell might be his successor. That he was correct in his estimate of Ewell's capacity for command has been rendered sufficiently evident. The capture of Winchester was one of the most magnificent achievements of the war, and places its author, at once, in the foremost rank of our generals.

MAJOR JOHN PELHAM.

The "gallant Pelham," as he was styled by his commanding general, was a native of Alabama, and commanded the horse artillery attached to the cavalry division of General J. E. B. Stuart. He entered the army at the commencement of the war and was engaged in every battle fought in Virginia from the first Manassas, in 1861, to the battle of Keysville, March 17, 1863, where he fell mortally wounded, with the battle-cry on his lips and the light of victory beaming from his eye. The army correspondent of the "Illustrated News" thus notices the sad event:

On the morning of the 17th of March, Averill's Federal cavalry, three thousand in the saddle, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and attacked about eight hundred of General Fitzhugh Lee's command, who faced, without shrinking, these great odds, and fought them stubbornly, at every point, throughout the entire day.

When the sun set on that tranquil evening—sinking slowly down behind the quiet forest, unstirred by the least breath of wind—the long and desperate struggle was decided. The enemy was retiring "badly hurt;" and General Stuart added in his dispatch, "We are after him. His dead men and horses strew the road."

No harder battle has been fought during the entire war; and never have the enemy reeled back in greater confusion before the Southern steel than here. Our heroes won the day by hard and desperate fighting, in charge after charge; but lost in the struggle some of the most valiant hearts that ever beat. Puller, Harris and Pelham were among the number—the "gallant Pelham" of the battle of Fredericksburg. He was in the performance of his duty as chief of artillery, and was riding toward his general, when a regiment of cavalry swept by him in a charge. He was waving his hat aloft and cheering them on, when a ball from a carbine struck him on the head, mortally wounding him. He lingered until after midnight, on the morning of the 18th, when General Stuart telegraphed to Mr. Curry, of Alabama:

"The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more. He was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you to-day. How much he was beloved, appreciated and admired, let the tears of agony we have shed, and the gloom of mourning throughout my command, bear witness. His loss is irreparable."

The body of the young officer was sent to Richmond—laid in state in the capitol of Virginia—and we are told that "some tender hand deposited an evergreen wreath, intertwined with white flowers, upon the case that contained all that was mortal of the fallen hero." His family received the soldier's remains; they were taken to his Southern home; Virginia, the field of his fame, had surrendered him to Alabama, the land of his birth.

In a general order issued on the occasion, General Stuart said:

"To you, his comrades, it is needless to dwell upon what you have so often witnessed—his prowess in action—already proverbial. You well know how, though young in years—a mere strippling in appearance—remarkable for his genuine modesty of deportment—he yet disclosed on the battle-field the conduct of a veteran, and displayed, in his handsome person, the most imperturbable coolness in danger. His eye had glanced over every battle-field of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all.

"The memory of the 'GALLANT PELHAM,' his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character, is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless; his career brilliant and successful. He fell—the noblest of sacrifices—on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war.

"In token of respect for his cherished memory, the Horse Artillery and division staff will wear the military badge of mourning for thirty days; and the

senior officer of staff, Major Von Borcke, will place his remains in the possession of his bereaved family, to whom is tendered, in behalf of the division, the assurance of heartfelt sympathy in this deep tribulation.

"In mourning his departure from his accustomed post of honor on the field, let us strive to imitate his virtues, and trust that what is loss to us, may be more than gain to him."

When killed, Pelham was but twenty-four years of age, but he had made for himself a "great immortal name."

The correspondent of the "Illustrated News," above alluded to, furnished that paper with the annexed particulars in regard to his short but brilliant career:

A son of the great State of Alabama, and descended from an old and honorable family there, he had more than the courage of his race and clime. He chose arms as his profession, and entered West Point, where he graduated just as the war commenced. He lost no time in offering his services to the South, and received the appointment of first lieutenant in the Confederate States army. Proceeding to Harper's Ferry, when General Johnston was in command there, he was assigned to duty as drill-officer of artillery, and in the battle of Manassas commanded a battery, which he fought with that obstinate and daring courage which afterwards rendered him so famous. He speedily attracted the attention of the other generals of the army, and General J. E. B. Stuart entrusted him with the organization of the battalion of Horse Artillery which he subsequently commanded in nearly every battle of the war upon Virginia soil. Here I knew him first.

From the moment when he took command of that now famous corps, a new system of artillery fighting seemed to be inaugurated. The rapidity, the rush, the impetus of the cavalry were grafted on its more deliberate brother. Not once, but repeatedly, has the Horse Artillery of Pelham given chase at full speed to a flying enemy; and far in advance of all infantry support, unlimbered and hurled its thunders on the foe. It was ever at the point where the line was weakest; and however headlong the charge of the cavalry, the whirling guns were beside it, all ready for their part. "Trot, march!" had yielded to "gallop!" with the battalion—it was rushed into position, and put in action with a rush; and in and out among the guns where the bolts fell thickest was the brave young artillerist; cool and self-possessed, but, as one of his officers said the other day, "as gay as a schoolboy at a frolic." He loved his profession for its own sake purely; and often spoke to the officers above alluded to of the "jolly good fights" he would have in the present campaign; but I anticipate my subject.

Once associated with the command of General Stuart, he secured the warm regard and unlimited confidence of that general, who employed his services upon every occasion. Thenceforth their fortunes seemed united, like their hearts; and the name of the young man became noised abroad as one of the most desperate fighters of the whole army. He was rightly regarded by General Jackson

and others as possessed of a very extraordinary genius for artillery; and when any movement of unusual importance was designed, Pelham was assigned to the artillery to be employed.

His career was a brief one, but how glorious! How crowded with great events that are history now. Let us glance at it:

When our forces fell back from Manassas in 1861, his batteries had their part in covering the movement, and guarding the fords of the Rappahannock. During the campaign of the Peninsula, his Blakely was as a sentinel on post next the enemy; and at the battle of Williamsburg his courage and skill transformed raw militia into veterans. In the seven days' battles around Richmond he won fadeless laurels. With one Napoleon, he engaged three heavy batteries, and fought them with a pertinacity and unfaltering nerve which made the calm face of General Jackson glow; and the pressure of that heroic hand, warm and eloquent of unspoken admiration. Soon afterwards, at the "White House," he engaged a gunboat, and driving it away, after a brief but hot encounter, proved how fanciful were the terrors of these "monsters," as they were then called. After that work in the Peninsula, the young man was famous.

His greatest achievements were to come, however; and he hastened to record them on the enduring tablets of history. From the moment when his artillery advanced from the Rappahannock, to the time when it returned thither, to the day of Fredericksburg, the path of the young leader was deluged with the blood of battle. At Manassas he rushed his guns into the very columns of the enemy almost; fighting their sharpshooters with canister, amid a hurricane of balls. At Sharpsburg he had command of nearly all the artillery on our left, and directed it with the hand of the master. When the army crossed back into Virginia he was posted at Sheppardstown, and guarded the ford with an obstinate valor, which spoke in the regular and unceasing reverberation of his deep-mouthed Napoleons, as they roared on, hour after hour, driving back the enemy.

Of the days which succeeded that exciting period, many persons will long hold the memory. It was in an honest old country house, whither the tide of war bore him for a time, that the gay, noble nature of the young soldier shone forth in all its charms. There, in the old hall on the banks of the Opequon, surrounded by warm hearts who reminded him perhaps of his own beloved ones in far Alabama; there, in the tranquil days of Autumn, in that beautiful country he seemed to pass some of his happiest hours. All were charmed with his kind temper and his sunny disposition—with his refinement, his courtesy, his high breeding and simplicity. Modest to a fault almost—blushing like a girl at times—and wholly unassuming in his entire deportment—he became a favorite with all around him, and secured that regard of good men and women which is the proof of high traits and fine instincts in its possessor. In the beautiful Autumn forests; by the stream with its great sycamores; and under the tall oaks of the lawn, he thus wandered for a time—an exile from his own land of Alabama, but loved, admired and cherished by warm hearts in this. When

he left the haunts of the old "bower" I think he regretted it. But work called him.

The fiat had gone forth from the imperial closet at Washington, that another "On to Richmond" should be attempted—and where the vultures of war hovered, there was the post of duty for the Horse Artillery. The cavalry crossed the Blue Ridge, and met the advancing column at Aldie—and Pelham was again in his element, hurling destruction upon the ranks of General Bayard. Thenceforward, until the banks of the Rappahannock were reached by the cavalry, falling back in order, as was designed—from that instant the batteries of the Horse Artillery disputed every step of ground. The direction of the artillery was left with unhesitating confidence to the young officer; and those who witnessed, during that arduous movement, the masterly handling of his guns, can tell how this confidence was justified. It was the eye of the great soldier, the hand of the born artillerist which was evident in his work, during those days of struggle. He fell back neither too soon nor too late, and only limbered up his guns to unlimber again in the first position which he reached. Thus fighting every inch of the way from Aldie, round by Paris and Markham's, he reached the Rappahannock, and posted his artillery at the fords, where he stood and bade the enemy defiance. That page in the history of the war is scarcely known; but those who were present know the obstinacy of the contests, and the nerve and skill which were displayed by the young officer.

That may be unknown, but the work done by Pelham on the great day of Fredericksburg is a part of history now. All know how stubbornly he stood on that day—what laurels encircled his young brow when night at last came. This was the climax of his fame—the event with which his name will be inseparably connected. With one Napoleon gun, he opened the battle on the right, and instantly drew upon himself the fire, at close range, of four batteries in front, and a heavy enfilading fire from 30-pound Parrots across the river. But this did not daunt him. That Napoleon gun was the same which he had used at the battle of Cold Harbour—it was taken from the enemy at Seven Pines—and, in the hands of the young officer it had won a fame which must not be tarnished by defeat! Its grim voice must roar, however great the odds; its reverberating defiance must roll over the plain, until the bronze war dog was silenced. So it roared on steadily, with Pelham beside it, blowing up caissons and continuing to tear the enemy's ranks. General Lee was watching it from the hill above, and exclaimed, with eyes filled with admiration, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young!" It was glorious, indeed, to see that one gun, placed in an important position, hold its ground with a firmness so unflinching and heroic—to see a beardless boy sternly standing in that horrible hurricane of shell, with iron resolution and a soul as immovable as rock. Not until his last round of ammunition was shot away did Pelham retire, and then only after a peremptory order sent to him. He afterwards took command of the entire artillery on the right, and fought it until night with a skill and courage which were admirable. He advanced his guns steadily, and at nightfall was thundering on the flank of

the retreating foe, who no longer replied. No answering roar came back from those batteries he had fought with his Napoleon so long—he had triumphed. That triumph was complete and placed forever upon record, when the great commander-in-chief, whom he loved and admired so ardently, gave him the name, in his report, of the "gallant Pelham."

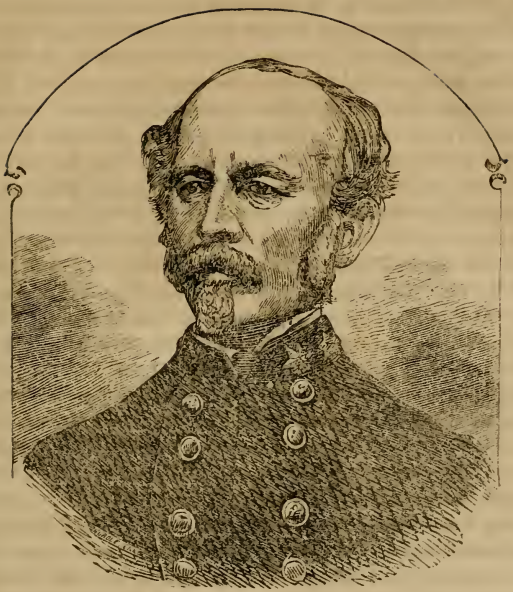
Supreme tribute to his courage—immortalizing him in history! To be the sole name mentioned in all that host of heroes, and mentioned as the "gallant Pelham!"

Thenceforward there was little for him to desire. He had never cared for rank, only longed for glory; and now his name was deathless. It is true that he had sometimes said, with modest and noble pride, that he thought it somewhat hard to be considered too young for promotion, when they gave him great commands—as at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg—and called on him when the hardest work was to be done. But he never desired a mere title he had not won, and did his soldier's duty thoroughly, trusting to time. So noble and important, however, had been his recent services that promotion was a matter of course. The President had appointed him a Lieutenant-Colonel, and it only awaited the formal confirmation of the Senate when he fell on the Rappahannock. His fall was a public calamity to the nation, but none to him. It was fit that such a spirit should lay down his great work before the hard life of the world had dimmed the polish of the good knight's spotless shield. He wanted no promotion at the hands of men. He had won, if not worn, the highest honors of the great soldier; and having finished his task, the gentle spirit took its flight, promoted by the tender hand of death to other honors in a brighter world.

With what obstinate and unyielding courage he fought! with a daring how splendid, how rich in suggestion of the antique days! He entered upon a battle with the coolness and resolution of a great leader trained in a thousand combats, and fought his guns with the fury and *elan* of Murat at the head of his horsemen. No tract of the ground, no movement of the enemy, ever escaped his eagle eye. With an inborn genius for war which West Point had merely developed, and directed in its proper channels, he had that rapid comprehension—intuition almost—which counts for so much in a leader. Where the contest was the hottest and the pressure heaviest, there was Pelham with his guns; and the broken lines of infantry, or cavalry giving ground before irresistible numbers, heard their deep voices roaring, and saw the ranks of the enemy torn and scattered. Often he waited for no orders, took the whole responsibility, and opened his batteries where he saw that they were needed by the emergencies of the moment. But what he did was always the very best that could be done. He struck at the right moment, and his arm was heavy. Many foes had felt it, and the knowledge that Pelham, with his Horse Artillery, was in front, did not give them much heart for the encounter. They knew that the announcement was another manner of informing them that skill, daring, stubborn courage was to be dealt with—that wounds, disaster and death awaited

them from the hands of the well-known young leader. What terrified the foe was the guage of success to our own men. The roar of Pelham's Napoleons was a welcome sound. When the deep-mouthed thunder of those guns was heard, the faintest took heart, and the contest assumed a new phase to all—for that sound had proved on many a field the harbinger of victory. At Manassas, Williamsburg, Cold Harbour, Groveton, Oxhill, Sharpsburg, Sheppardstown, Kearneysville, Aldie, Union, Upperville, Markham, Barbee's, Hazel River and Fredericksburg—at these and many other places, he fought his Horse Artillery, and handled it with heroic contempt of danger! One day, when I led him to speak of his career, he counted up something like sixty battles, great and small, which he had been in, and in every one he had borne a prominent part. Talk with the associates of the young leader in those hard-fought battles, and they will tell you a hundred instances of his dauntless courage. At Manassas, he took position in a place so dangerous, that an officer, who had followed him up to that moment, rode away with the declaration, that "if Pelham was fool enough to stay there, *he* was *not*." But General Jackson thanked him, as he thanked him at Cold Harbour, when the brave young soldier came back covered with dust from fighting his Napoleon—the light of victory in his eyes. At Markham, while he was fighting the enemy in front, they made a circuit and charged him in the rear; but he turned his guns about, and fought them, as before, with his "French Detachment," singing the loud, triumphant *Marseillaise*, as that same Napoleon gun broke their ranks and drove them back. All that whole great movement was a marvel of hard fighting, however, and Pelham was the hero of the stout, close struggle, as he was of the hot contest on the right at Fredericksburg. Any other chief of artillery might have sent his men in, leaving the direction of the guns to such officers as the brave Captain Henry; but this did not suit the young chieftain. He must go himself with the one gun sent forward, and beside that piece he remained until it was ordered back—directing his men to lie down, but sitting his own horse, and intent solely upon the movements and designs of the enemy, wholly careless of the "fire of hell" hurled against him. It was glorious, indeed, as General Lee declared, to see such heroism in the boyish artillerist; and well might General Jackson speak of him in terms of "exaggerated compliment," and ask General Stuart "if he had *another Pelham*, to give him to *him!*"

Modest, brave, loving and beloved—the famous soldier, the charming companion, passed away from the friends who cherished him, leaving a void which no other being can fill. Alabama lent him to Virginia for a time; but, alas! the pale face smiles no more as he returns to her. Many mourn his early death here where his glory was won, as in the southern land from whence he came. To these—the wide circle who loved him for his great qualities, and his kind, good heart—his loss is irreparable, as it is to the whole land. The "breed of noble minds" like his is not numerous, and, when such forms disappear, the gap is hard to fill—the struggle for our liberties is more arduous than before. But the memory of this great young soldier still remains with us—his name is immortal in history as in many hearts which throbbed at his death.



GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

This distinguished officer is a native of Prince Edward county, Virginia, where he was born about the year 1808. His father was the late Judge Peter Johnston, of the General Court of Virginia, distinguished alike at the bar and on the bench, for sound practical sense and solid legal acquirements. He had been a soldier in his youth—had been one of Greene's officers in his celebrated campaign of 1781, in North and South Carolina—had borne himself honorably and bravely at Guilford, Camden, Eutaw, and Ninety-Six—and retained, to the day of his death, a predilection for his early profession, which not all his subsequent success in a profession of a very different character, could entirely obliterate. It is worthy of record, that he was the First Lieutenant of the company in which the celebrated Peter Francisco served as a private, and that the latter, scarcely less remarkable for his gigantic strength and undaunted

courage, than for his keen sagacity and powerful, though uncultivated mind, retained to the close of his life a warm affection for his old commander; a sufficient proof, since he had so often seen him tried, that he had never found him wanting. After the war of the Revolution, Judge Johnston married Miss Polly Wood of Goochland county, a niece of Patrick Henry, and one of the most accomplished young ladies of her day. If he had chosen his wife avowedly on the principle that Mrs. Primrose chose her gown, "for qualities that would wear," he could scarcely have made a happier selection. Mrs. Johnston proved to be as remarkable in her married life for the ability with which she discharged the duties of her station, as she had been for her personal attractions in her youth. They raised a large family, sons and daughters, all of whom proved to be persons of superior understanding. Both parents paid the strictest attention to their education, moral and physical, as well as mental; a duty but too often neglected by those to whom the direction of youth is entrusted. Among other things, they were taught to obtain complete mastery over their own minds; a lesson, above all others, essential to human happiness; for the mind in the moral, like fire in the material world, is the best and most useful of servants, but the most dangerous and tyrannical of masters.

Of several brothers, the subject of our sketch was the youngest. When yet a small boy, his father having been appointed a judge in Abingdon district, removed his family to that town, and there Joseph received the rudiments of his education. At school he was noted as a boy of quick parts and a bold and enterprising disposition. During this period of his life, he had an opportunity to show one of those characteristics for which he has since been distinguished above most of his cotemporaries. By some accident he broke an arm. Most boys of his age would have indulged in the loudest lamentation. Joseph, on the contrary, bore his misfortune with the most heroic fortitude. He shed not a tear and uttered not a groan. He submitted to the setting of the limb with the calm and stoical composure of an Indian, making not a wry face, and distorting not a muscle of his countenance. With equal patience he bore the confinement necessary to his situation, and in every incident connected with the disaster showed a manly spirit far above his years. We mention this circumstance because, though trivial, it is characteristic, and affords a key to his subsequent conduct in some of the most trying situations that a man can be called on to occupy.

It is possible that his own inclination led him to choose arms as a profession. Naturally of such a disposition as we have recorded, the son, moreover, of an old soldier whose stirring narratives of his experience in the army of Greene he must often have heard, it was natural that he should feel his soul stirred within him as by the sound of a trumpet. It is reasonable to suppose, also, that his father, always retaining a predilection for a military life, and early discovering the bent of his son's genius, should encourage his youthful inclinations. Be that as it may, we find him, in 1825, a cadet at the military academy of West Point, at that time in the very zenith of its reputation. His applica-

tion to his studies, from the moment he entered the walls of this institution, was earnest and devoted. How successful it was, we think his after history very clearly shows. He graduated in 1829, in the same class with General Robert E. Lee, a circumstance well worthy of note, as calculated to render that year and that class forever memorable in the annals of West Point. Cadet Johnston was immediately assigned to the 4th artillery, with the rank of 2d Lieutenant, by brevet. There was at that time no war and no opportunity for distinction. Accordingly, we find him, seven years after, while still a Lieutenant, appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, a post which he resigned the year after, upon being appointed 1st Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. This rank he held when the Florida war broke out in 1838. His conduct throughout that war was such as to merit the highest praise, and to draw the eyes of the whole country upon him. Upon one occasion, having been sent, under the escort of a party of infantry, to make a survey or reconnoisance of a region which lay around a lake, and having crossed the lake in boats, the party was waylaid by an ambuscade of Indians, and all its officers killed or disabled at the first fire. The men were thrown into complete confusion, and were in imminent danger of destruction, when Lieutenant Johnston took the command, and, by his coolness and determination, succeeded in rescuing them. He laid hold of a small tree with one hand, and standing boldly out in face of the whole fire of the savages, called on the men to rally and form upon him. His coolness enabled him to subdue what was fast becoming a panic. The men returned to their duty and resumed the action. A perfect volcano of balls swept around Johnston. Most of them were aimed directly at *him*, to the relief of the soldiers. Strange to say, while numbers of them struck the tree to which he held fast, for some time he was not touched. At last one struck him immediately above the forehead, about the roots of the hair, and ranged backward to the occiput, grazing the skull the whole distance, but not fracturing it or injuring the brain. Lieutenant J. of course fell, but the troops had caught so much of his spirit that they repulsed the enemy and carried off the wounded in safety. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and throughout the Florida war, Lieutenant J. was brevetted Captain—a very meagre recompense for so many and such arduous services, it seems to us. But promotion was slow in the old army. In September, 1846, he became a full Captain by seniority.

The Mexican war had now begun. On the 16th February, 1847, Captain Johnston was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Voltigeurs, by brevet, and in that capacity, sailed with the expedition under General Scott. After the capture of Vera Cruz, when the army advanced, Colonel Johnston made a most daring reconnoisance of the enemy's line, strongly posted on the heights of Cerro Gordo. In this reconnoisance he was severely wounded, having approached so near the enemy's works that he was struck by three musket-balls. It was supposed, for some time, that his wounds were mortal; but, happily for his country, a powerful constitution and skillful treatment carried him safely

through the trial. His wounds were received on the 12th of April, exactly six days before the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which, of course, he was unable to bear a part. However, he recovered sufficiently to resume his command in the concluding battles of the war. He distinguished himself at Molino del Rey, and was again severely wounded at Chapultepec. These numerous wounds led General Scott, afterwards, to say of him: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." This was intended, probably, as a sneer; but there could not be a more honorable testimonial to the gallantry of a soldier. He was several times brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in this war, and at its conclusion, was retained as Captain of Topographical Engineers. At what time he was promoted, we are not aware; but he became a Colonel in the old army, and when the disruption of the Union took place, was Quartermaster-General. He immediately resigned and offered his services to his native State. He was appointed to a high command by Governor Letcher, but thinking he could be of more use in the Confederate service, he resigned and offered himself to President Davis, then at Montgomery. He was immediately appointed Major-General, and ordered to take command of the forces at Harper's Ferry.

On the 23d of May, 1861, General Johnston assumed the command of the forces at Harper's Ferry, consisting of nine regiments of infantry, two battalions of artillery, and Colonel Stuart's cavalry. This force, numbering, in all, less than 10,000 men, was called the Army of the Shenandoah, as that which was placed lower down, nearly opposite Washington, under the command of General Beauregard, was called the Army of the Potomac. General Johnston had a hard task before him. With his small force, he was expected to guard Harper's Ferry, to repulse the Yankee General Patterson, who was said to be approaching on the Maryland side with 20,000 men, and to prevent him from forming a junction with McClellan, who was advancing in the direction of Winchester from the western part of Virginia. Johnston saw, at a glance, that the position of Harper's Ferry was of no importance whatever, since an enemy coming down the Valley of Pennsylvania might easily avoid it, and unite in his rear at Winchester, with an enemy coming down the Valley of Virginia. That such a project was on foot, he believed to be certain, when he learned, on the 13th of June, that a force of 2,000 men, believed to be the advanced guard of McClellan's forces, had arrived in Romney. He immediately determined to abandon Harper's Ferry, having first burnt and blown up the railroad bridge and set fire to such of the buildings as were likely to prove useful to the enemy. At the same time he sent forward a detachment to Winchester to hold in check any force that might come from the direction of Romney. On the 14th, while on the march, he learned that Patterson had crossed at Williamsport, that he had already possession of Martinsburg, and that there was nothing to fear from Romney, from which the enemy had retreated. His course was instantly taken. He occupied Bunker's Hill on the Martinsburg turnpike by a flank march, interposed his army between the enemy and Winchester, took up a strong posi-

tion, and so intimidated Patterson that he immediately fell back across the river Johnston then quietly and leisurely pursued his march to Winchester. This position was of great strategical importance, and its occupation evinced a high degree of skill on the part of the Confederate General. He was now between the forces of McClellan and Patterson, and could operate at his pleasure against either before they could be joined by the others. At the same time he was in a situation to unite with Beauregard, should he be attacked, through Ashby's gap and the railroad. Having ascertained that Patterson designed to cross the Potomac again, he sent Colonel Jackson in advance to oppose him, there being no other troops between Winchester and Martinsburg but Colonel Stuart's cavalry, who acted as a corps of observation. Patterson crossed for the second time on the 2d of July, Jackson fell back before him, and drew up his small force at Falling Waters. The enemy came on. A fierce conflict ensued, in which Jackson inflicted upon him a loss almost equal in number to the force he had with him, and himself sustained scarcely any. When about to be outflanked, Jackson retired, bringing off forty-five prisoners, whom he had captured. Johnston advanced, with his whole force, to support Jackson, but Patterson apparently had had enough of it; for he made no attempt to renew the engagement. Johnston then took up a position near Martinsburg, with the hope of drawing Patterson into an engagement, but he could not succeed. After remaining four days in this position, Johnston returned to Winchester. On the 15th, Patterson advanced as far as Bunker Hill, about ten miles from Winchester, and, on the 17th, made a movement on his left, in the direction of Smithfield. Johnston instantly took the hint.

He had been convinced, from the refusal of Patterson to accept his challenge at Martinsburg, that he did not intend to fight him, and that his only object was to detain him in the Valley until the Grand Army from Washington should have overwhelmed Beauregard. This movement confirmed his original impression. He had already telegraphed to Richmond, requesting orders to join Beauregard, and had received them accordingly Ordering the cavalry under Colonel Stuart to make a movement in advance, as if for the purpose of bringing on a general engagement, he completely deceived Patterson. Under cover of Stuart's movement, Johnston passed his whole army through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont Station, on the Manassas Gap railroad, from whence the infantry were to be transported by the cars to Manassas, the artillery and cavalry following as rapidly as they could. Jackson's brigade and two Georgia regiments reached Manassas on the morning of Saturday, 20th, and Johnston, with the 4th and 2d Alabama, and a part of the 11th Mississippi, soon after. The rest of his troops, from some cause, did not arrive that day, although the president of the road had promised that they should. The troops thus detained amounted to about 5,000 in number.

We shall not here, with the limited space at our command, attempt a sketch of the battle of Manassas. It is sufficient to say that General Johnston, upon assuming the command, declined to alter the dispositions of Gen'l Beauregard—

that the failure of the troops which had been left behind on the preceeding day to arrive in time, obliged the Confederate Generals to alter their original plan, which was offensive, and await the attack of the enemy—that the enemy, 35,000 strong, attempted to turn the left wing of the Confederates—that a long and desperate battle ensued—that an order sent to General Ewell, posted on our right centre, to charge the exposed flank of the enemy, miscarried—that in the very crisis of the battle, Kirby Smith arrived with 1,700 men—that he was wounded and succeeded by Colonel Elzey—that the attack of his body caused the enemy to hesitate, and finally to give ground—and that his discomfiture was completed by the attack made on his flank by Colonel Early, at the head of his brigade. The battle of Manassas had been fought, and the rout was the most thorough known to history since the day of Waterloo

The Army of the Potomac continued for seven months to occupy the position near Centreville which it had conquered from the enemy by this splendid victory. Except the brilliant episode of Leesburg, and the reverse at Drainesville, there were few incidents to diversify the dull monotony of a life in camp. The winter was uncommonly warm and wet, and sickness and death thinned the ranks of our army. But the men became accustomed to a soldier's life, and learned how to bear fatigue as well as to face danger, without shrinking. In the meantime, the Yankee government made enormous preparations, both naval and military. Their Secretary of War boasted that in an incredibly short space of time he had put 660,000 troops in the field. The fruits of his energy soon began to ripen. Hatteras was taken, Beaufort fell, Fort Donnelson was captured, with 5,000 men, and New Orleans fell. Nothing in all history can be compared to the exultations of the Yankee press. They believed the South already conquered, and they spoke the language of conquerors. Nothing would satisfy them but another "On to Richmond." This time it was to be undertaken by 220,000 men, under McClellan. Johnston soon became apprised of the designs of that officer, and prepared to foil them Early in March, McClellan moved upon Manassas with his whole force, to find the camp deserted, and everything that could be of value to his army safely removed. Jonnston had evacuated all his positions, and retreated to Richmond without the loss of a man. There is no comparison, we believe, between this retreat and any other upon record. Had Johnston never performed any other military exploit, this alone would entitle him to be considered one of the greatest captains of the age. His whole force scarcely amounted to 40,000 men, and with that little army he had confronted for six months, and eluded without loss, a host of more than 200,000 men.

But we will not undertake to record the events of April and May, 1862, the most brilliant of Johnston's whole life. He hastened with his veteran army to the rescue of the gallant Magruder, who was on the Peninsula with 11,500 men, and confronted by McClellan with 100,000. On arriving, Johnston at once assumed command, and on the 6th of May, 1862, fought the battle of Williamsburg, repulsing the enemy with enormous loss. Falling back with his victorious army upon the line of the Chickahominy, he gave McClellan another

severe lesson in the art of war at the battle of Seven Pines. Unfortunately for his country, he was severely wounded in this engagement, and had to be removed from the field.

After recovering from his wounds, General Johnston was assigned to duty in Tennessee, and at the present writing (February, 1864,) commands what is known as the Army of Tennessee, where he will doubtless render services even more brilliant than any he has yet rendered to his country.

The career of General Johnston has been such as the most illustrious chieftain might envy. A quick genius, a solid judgment, invincible firmness, imperturbable self-reliance, a will as resolute as that of "the first bald Cæsar," a penetration which no device can baffle, a perseverance which no difficulty can subdue, a courage which no danger can shake, quickness of conception, promptness of action, endurance almost superhuman, and reticence as perfect as the grave—all these we take to be characteristics of a great commander, and—in a high degree—General Johnston possesses them all.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.

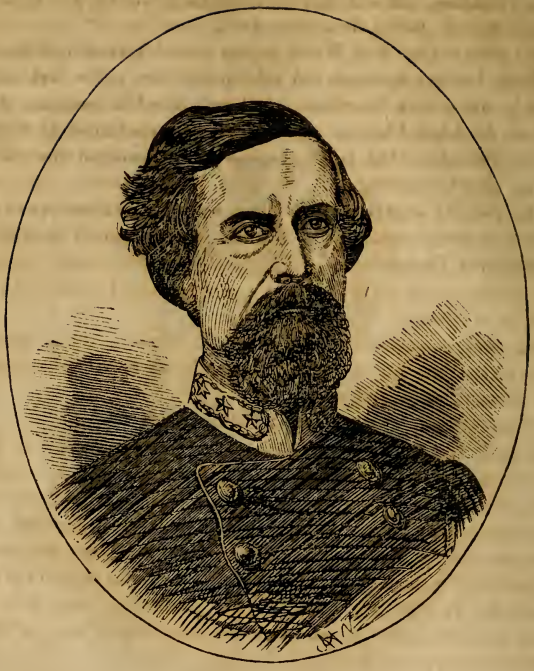
James H. Lane was born at Matthews Court-House, Virginia, in 1834. He graduated with high distinction at the Lexington Virginia Military Institute, and afterwards took his degree in the scientific course at the University of Virginia. So highly was he appreciated at his Alma Mater, that he was soon after recalled to Lexington as Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics; he subsequently became Professor in the same departments at the State Seminary of Florida, and at the outbreak of hostilities was filling the Chair of Natural Philosophy and Tactics in the North Carolina Military Institute of Charlotte.

With the other officers of this institution, he immediately offered his services to the State, and was most useful and energetic as drill-master and adjutant at

the Camp of Instruction near Raleigh. He was elected Major of the 1st North Carolina Volunteers, and with that gallant regiment won his first laurels on the memorable field of Bethel, June 10th, 1861.

Shortly after the battle of Bethel he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the 28th North Carolina regiment, and subsequently, for gallant and meritorious conduct, he was made a Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the 4th brigade of the Light Division. He received his appointment as Brigadier on the 1st of November, 1862, as the successor of the lamented General L. O'B. Branch, of North Carolina.

At the head of a brigade of noble troops, whose banners bear upon their folds the names of nearly twenty battle-fields, he is now manfully battling for the independence of the South.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN C. PEMBERTON.

John C. Pemberton was born in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania. He entered West Point as a Cadet from that State in 1833, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1837. On the 1st of July, 1837, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 4th Artillery, U. S. A., and was promoted First Lieutenant on the 9th of March, 1842. From 1846 to 1848 he acted as Aide-de-Camp to Brevet Major-General Worth, in Mexico. He was twice breveted for "gallant and meritorious conduct," during the war with Mexico—first at Monterey, next at Molino del Rey.

Immediately upon the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, General Pemberton resigned his commission in the United States army and espoused the cause of the South. Hastening to Montgomery, he was at once tendered a position in the Southern army by President Davis.

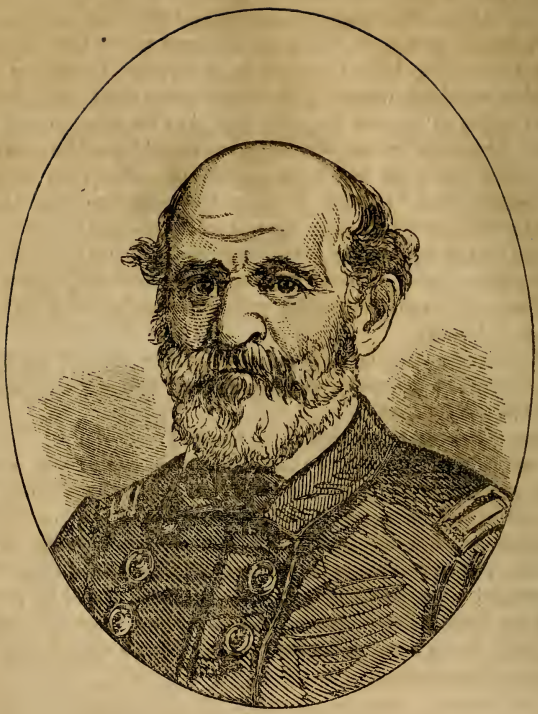
General Pemberton first attracted public attention by his gallant defence of the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, the particulars of which will form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of this second war for independence.

On the 18th of May, 1863, Vicksburg, in consequence of a disaster at Big Black Bridge, was closely invested by the Yankee forces under Grant, the right of his army resting on the river above the city. As a last resort, General Pemberton, with a weakened but glorious little army, retired behind his works. To appease the clamor that had been raised against him, and to repel the charge that he designed *selling* Vicksburg, he exhorted his soldiers to follow him, and see at what price he would sell it, for it would not be less than his own life and that of every man in his command. The siege was continued until the 4th of July, when, after a heroic defence, the place was unconditionally surrendered. General Pemberton, in the letter which proffered surrender, stated his reasons for doing so, as follows:

"I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for an indefinite period."

The terms of the capitulation were thus announced:

"The entire force of the Confederate troops, were to surrender, as prisoners of war, to the United States army, under General Grant; the whole army, including the generals, were to be immediately paroled and sent into our lines; all officers were to retain their arms; all mounted officers to have the privilege of riding out; private property to be respected, and all parties, whether citizens or not, connected in any manner with the army, were to be allowed the privilege of leaving the Federal lines on parole. All ammunition, stores, field artillery and siege guns were to be surrendered to the United States army, as well as al small arms in our possession."



COMMODORE GEORGE N. HOLLINS.

The father of Commodore Hollins was born in Manchester, England, and, on coming to the United States, settled in Baltimore, embarked in merchandising, and became engaged in the East India trade, doing a large and extensive business for many years. He married a Miss Jane Smith, of Baltimore, a sister of General Samuel Smith, who was Secretary of War, while his brother Robert was Secretary of the Navy, under Jefferson.

The subject of our sketch was born in the city of Baltimore in the year 1799, on the 20th day of September, where he resided until his fourteenth year, when, at his urgent solicitation, his father consented to his application for a position in the navy of his country. He received the appointment as a midshipman from Secretary Jones, the then Secretary of the Navy under President

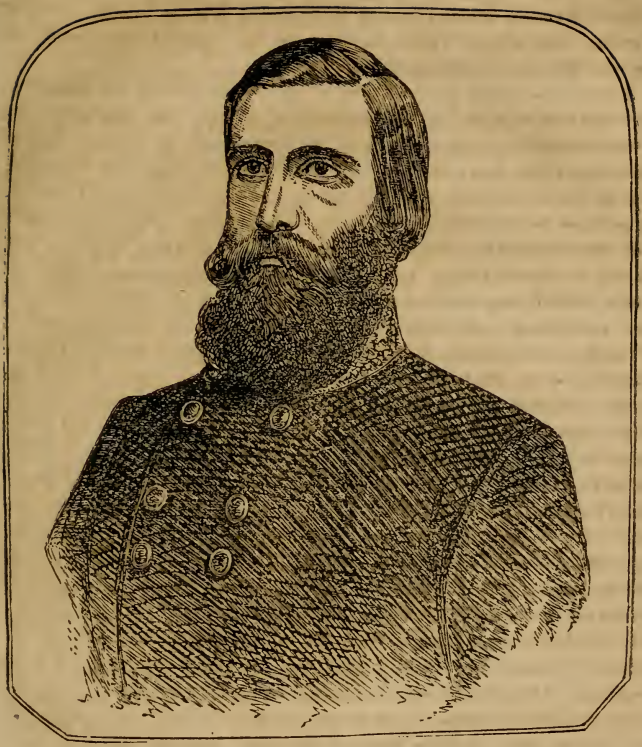
Madison, and was ordered to the sloop-of-war *Erie*, of twenty guns, commanded by Commander Ridgeley, and lying at Baltimore, waiting an opportunity of passing the English blockading squadron of that port. The English moving from Washington on Baltimore, the sailors of the latter port were placed under Commander Barney, and were ordered forward to check their advance, and did meet them in the fight at Bladensburg. Young Hollins served with Commander Barney in this fight, and fell back with the army to Baltimore, where he was placed in command of the *Erie*. Commander Ridgely being ordered with all available spare men to the lakes, and those remaining to the shore batteries, Hollins formed a crew of volunteer seamen to man the *Erie* while defending the harbor. He was at this time such a mere lad that one of his mother's lady friends, seeing him march his volunteers down the street, preparatory to going aboard, ordered him home, telling him, if he did not desist, she would be compelled to inform his parents of his conduct. This was a good joke for the sailors, but no fun to the brave boy.

After the repulse of the English at Baltimore, he was ordered to the *President*, carrying forty-four guns, and commanded by the gallant Decatur. The ship *President*, left New York, at nine o'clock at night, on the 15th of January, 1813. The weather was severe, the night dark, and the pilot, from the roughness of the sea and strong westerly wind, being unable to govern the motion of the vessel, she was carried ashore, which affected her sailing qualities so seriously that it was thought advisable to return to port. The wind still continuing unfavorable, and it being unsafe to remain where she was, her bold commander determined to keep on his voyage. He accordingly put out at daylight, fell in with the razeed sixty gun frigate *Majestic*, the forty-four gun frigate *Endemion*, the forty-four gun frigate *Tenados*, and the forty-four gun frigate *Pomona*. These vessels gave chase, firing all day at the *President*. About sundown, the *Endemion*, getting much ahead of its consorts, Decatur turned and gave fight. The *Endemion* was so much crippled that she was compelled to haul off, but not before the *Tenados* and *Pomena* had arrived to her assistance. The *President*, having more than two-thirds of her officers and men killed, and after exchanging a few broadsides with these vessels, surrendered to the squadron. Hollins was carried to Bermuda with his commander, where he remained until the close of the war. On his return home, he was ordered to the ship *Guerriere*, carrying forty-four guns, and the flag-ship of Commander Decatur's squadron, which was ordered to Algeria to suppress the Algerine Mediterranean pirates. Decatur captured the admiral and his frigate of forty-four guns, immediately on his arrival in the Mediterranean, and then, sailing for Algiers, commanded a treaty, by which American commerce was freed from the black mail which all nations were paying to the Algerines.

From this time until 1852, our country remaining at peace, Hollins spent in various positions of naval trust. In this year the people of Gray Town had insulted grossly the American consul and had destroyed much property of our citizens. Commander Hollins was ordered to go immediately to that port in the

Cyane, of twenty guns, and demand a most explicit apology and reparation for damages. He went, and finding the people unwilling to make even the slightest amends, he leveled the town, though protested against by the English commanding officer then in port. On his return to the United States, his conduct was approved of by the Administration, of which Jefferson Davis was the Secretary of War.

A short time before the election of Lincoln, Commander Hollins was on a cruise in the steamship Susquehanna, and did not arrive in Boston until June, 1861. Unfortunately for the Confederacy, out of his thirty-two officers, twenty sided with the North; and more unfortunately yet, the ship's draught was too great for any port but Norfolk, which entrance was guarded by Fortress Monroe. Commander Hollins was complimented by twelve of his officers and eighty of his men making immediate application for their discharge. This application went in with his own, and he has had the satisfaction of meeting most of these men in the South. His resignation was not accepted, but he was dismissed without pay, as a punishment for his devotion to his section. This was Yankee gratitude to a man who had spent more than forty-six years in the service of his country. Without delay he hastened to Richmond, and suggested the possibility of the taking of the *Pawnee*, which vessel was then giving us much annoyance on the Potomac. Receiving the consent of our government, he hurried to Maryland, and, with men and arms, took passage on the *St. Nicholas*. Off "Point Look Out," he demanded the surrender of the boat, and, hearing that the *Pawnee* had gone to Washington, felt that the best thing to be done was to carry the *St. Nicholas* up the Rappahannock. On his way, he captured twice the number of his own crew and three vessels loaded with coal, coffee and ice—the last being particularly necessary for our sick and wounded. He was then ordered to New Orleans to get up a naval defence, but, before he could do anything, the enemy were reported to be at the upper end of the passes of the Mississippi. After the fall of New Orleans, Commander Hollins was ordered to the Naval Board, convened in Richmond, to examine young men for the service. A year since, after the duties of the board were over, he reported for duty. Officers who have the confidence of the people, and are at all times "eager for the fray," should not be permitted to remain idle long, and we trust Commander Hollins will soon be placed at the "post of honor," where we are sure his country's flag will not be sullied, so long as he has a sword to defend it.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

Lieutenant-General John B. Hood was born in Owensville, Bath county, Kentucky, June 29th, 1831, and was brought up at Mount Sterling, Montgomery county. He entered upon his collegiate course at West Point in 1849, and graduated in 1853. He was then assigned to duty in the Fourth Infantry in California, where he served twenty-two months. When the two new regiments, raised by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, were called out, he was transferred July, 1855, to the one (Second Cavalry) in which General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, was in command, and General R. E. Lee, the lieutenant-colonel. This regiment furnished many valuable officers

to the South. Generals Earl Van Dorn, E. K. Smith, Fields, Evans and Hardee were from its ranks.

In the winter of 1855–6, General Hood entered upon the frontier service of Western Texas, where, in July following, he had a spirited engagement, and was wounded by the Indians on Devil's river.

A short time before the beginning of the present war, he was ordered to report for duty at West Point, as instructor of cavalry. But anticipating the present difficulties, he was allowed, at his own request, to return to duty in Texas—his object being, in view of all the prospects of impending dissolution, to be in that portion of the country which he most loved and so greatly admired. He could see no hope of reconciliation or adjustment, but every indication of a fierce and bloody war; consequently, he had determined to cast his destiny with the South. On the 16th of April, 1861, he resigned his commission under the United States Government, and tendered his services to the Confederacy. His name was entered upon the roll with the rank of first lieutenant, and ordered to report to General Lee, in Virginia, who ordered him to report to General Magruder, on the Peninsula. He was at once placed in command of all the cavalry of the Peninsula, with the rank of captain of regular cavalry. Having several successful engagements with the enemy, he was soon promoted to the rank of major. On September 30th, he was ordered to Richmond, and, receiving the rank of colonel of infantry, was placed in command of the Fourth Regiment Texas Volunteers, then in camp near the city. Very few of the men had ever seen him, and doubts were entertained whether a colonel could be appointed that would give satisfaction. An attempt had previously been made to organize the regiment under Colonel Allen, of Texas; but, in consequence of a protest of some of the captains, the appointment was withdrawn. This produced a feeling with others, and it was thought that they would not be satisfied with any one that might be appointed. But in a few days the feeling was gone, and every one seemed to be perfectly contented. His commanding appearance, manly deportment, quick perception, courteous manners and decision of character, readily impressed the officers and men that he was the man to govern them in the camp and command them on the field; and his thorough acquaintance with every department of the service, satisfied every one with his competency for the position. The men found him able and ready to give all the necessary instruction, not only in drilling them for the field, but also in the forms and technicalities of the clothing, commissary, ordinance and transportation departments—for the want of which information, regiments entering the service frequently go hungry, and commissaries and quartermasters make many fruitless trips.

On the 8th and 9th of November, 1861, the 4th and 5th Texas regiments left Richmond and arrived at Dumfries on the 12th instant, and were there organized into a brigade, under Colonel Wigfall, of the State of Texas, who, to this end, had received the appointment of brigadier-general. But, as he was the Senator elect from the State of Texas, after the meeting of Congress, he resigned; and on the 3d of March, 1862, Colonel Hood was appointed to take

his place. Thus we see, within the short space of ten months and seventeen days, he was promoted from the rank of lieutenant to that of brigadier.

General Hood continued with the Army of the Potomac until Lieutenant-General Longstreet's command was sent to re-inforce the Army of Tennessee, where, with his brave Texans, he followed that general to seek new laurels in the "volunteer State."

At the battle of Chickamauga, General Hood bore a prominent part, and, during the engagement, was so severely wounded in the right leg as to render amputation necessary. For signal courage, displayed on the hard-fought field of Chickamauga, General Hood was made lieutenant-general.

General Hood is about six feet two inches high, with full, broad chest, light hair and beard, blue eyes, and is gifted by nature with a voice that can be heard even above the roar of cannon.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. C. HINDMAN.

Major-General Hindman is a native of the State of Arkansas, and is now in the prime of life. He entered the army at the commencement of the war, and on the 29th of June, 1861, was appointed Colonel of the 2d Arkansas regiment. On the 28th of September, 1861, he was made a brigadier-general, which position he held until the 14th of April, 1862, when he was promoted to the rank of major-general. General Hindman, we believe, has never been connected with the army of Northern or Western Virginia, his fields of operation and usefulness having been chiefly confined to Georgia and Tennessee.

On the 29th of September last, General Hindman being then at Newman, Georgia, disabled by an injury received in the battle of Chickamauga, was sus-

pended from command by order of General Bragg. The charge against him was disobedience of orders on September 11th, in McLemore's Cove. General Hindman at once requested a Court of Inquiry, and subsequently made a report of the McLemore's expedition, showing that the charge of disobedience was not sustained by the facts in the case. The decision of President Davis in the matter is stated in the following letter of General Cooper:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Richmond, November 28, 1863.

General—Enclosed please find a copy of a letter from Gen'l Bragg, requesting your restitution to duty, with which it gives the President much pleasure to comply.

Your letter of October 2d, asking for a court of inquiry, was referred to the President, and has been returned with the following endorsement, viz:

"The investigation—which I had opportunity to make personally—into the facts of the case, convinces me that, had the explanations which have since been furnished preceded the order of General Bragg relieving General Hindman from command, that order would not probably have been issued; and, in view of the letter of General Bragg of November 15, it is not deemed necessary to the honor of General Hindman, or to the interest of the public service, that the inquiry asked for should be instituted."

I enclose you a special order directing you to report for duty to General Bragg.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. COOPER, *A. and I. G.*

To Major-General T. C. Hindman, &c., &c.

The following is a copy of the letter of General Bragg referred to above:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT TENNESSEE,
Missionary Ridge, November 15, 1863.

Mr. President—After your action in the case of Lieutenant-General Polk, which to me has been entirely satisfactory, I feel it a duty, as it is a pleasure, to request a similar action on your part toward Major-General Hindman. This officer, as will appear from the official reports, was conspicuously distinguished at Chickamauga for gallantry and good conduct. And nothing but the necessity of uniform discipline prevented my overlooking the previous affair for which he was suspended.

From what I have heard unofficially, the General may prefer not to serve under my command, but it is only just for me to add that he possesses my fullest confidence as a most gallant soldier and excellent disciplinarian.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG, General Comd'g.

To his Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President, Richmond, Va.

General Hindman is now with the army of Tennessee, under command of that gallant Virginian, General Joseph E. Johnston.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARTIN LUTHER SMITH.

Major-General Martin Luther Smith is a native of Western New York, and has family connections residing in the Northern, Western and Southern States, many of whom are in Mississippi and Louisiana. His services seem, in consequence, to have been appropriately rendered, defending, as it were, through Vicksburg, the homes of those who are bound to him by the most sacred ties of blood and friendship. Entering West Point as a cadet, in 1838, he graduated in 1842, when he was commissioned in the corps of Topographical Engineers, and sent to the coast of Georgia on duty, since which time he has been engaged, without intermission, south of Mason and Dixon's line. In 1846, he married Miss Nesbit, of Georgia, belonging to a family well known and among the most prominent and influential in that State. At the opening of the Mexican war he was first ordered to Texas, but subsequently joined General Scott in the city of Mexico, where he remained on active duty until the United States forces were withdrawn. He was brevetted for distinguished services, and but few young officers left Mexico with higher marks of distinction and respect.

From 1848 to 1854 General Smith was actively employed on various government works of internal improvement and defence in Georgia, Florida and Texas; and was subsequently stationed in Washington city, where he remained on duty, with the exception of a brief interval, until the organization of the Southern Confederacy.

He resigned his commission in the United States army in March, 1861, and tendered his services without delay to President Davis, from whom he received the appointment of Major of Engineers, and was ordered to report for duty at New Orleans, where he planned and completed the series of works enveloping that city, designed to defend it against an attack by land. Two small batteries, a portion of those works, mounting about as many guns as the enemy had vessels, successfully disputed, for a time, at Chalmette, under his command, the advance of the enemy's fleet, after it had passed forts Jackson and St. Philip, and were only abandoned after the last round of ammunition had been expended.

In April, 1862, he was commissioned brigadier-general, and early in May was ordered with his brigade to Vicksburg by General Lovell, then in command of that department, and directed to defend the city. Upon his arrival at Vicksburg, the 9th of May, 1862, he found only three small batteries erected and a fourth begun, which he completed, and with great energy proceeded to construct other more formidable works before the approach of the enemy, then known to have passed Baton Rouge with a powerful fleet. The armed force then under his command did not exceed 4,000 men, the most of them undisciplined troops that had just been mustered into service.

Notwithstanding the prolonged siege of Vicksburg and the length of time occupied by the enemy in shelling the place, the 28th of June was the day on which the decisive battle was fought. At four o'clock in the morning of that day, the enemy concentrated his entire force, numbering about three hundred guns of heavy calibre, and moving boldly up in front of the city, engaged our batteries at very short range. Then one of the most terrific bombardments on record began and continued with unabated fury for three hours, during which time our batteries replied with a tornado of iron hail, dealing death and destruction to the foe, and finally succeeded in driving the whole fleet out of range of our fire; thus gaining a brilliant victory for our arms, dispelling the charm which, in the minds of many, had so long attached to the Yankee navy, and disproving the boasted invincibility of their iron-clads.

Foiled, and smarting under the defeat and repulse of their "Armada," it was supposed that a land attack would next be attempted by the enemy. This claimed at once the attention of General Smith, and prompt and decisive efforts were directed to meet it; but the timely arrival just then of General Breckinridge, with re-inforcements, dispelled all further apprehension, and from that moment the siege of Vicksburg was considered virtually raised.

No combined attack by the enemy was again made to reduce this stronghold, and at the expiration of thirty days both the upper and lower fleets withdrew.

Relieved of the presence of the enemy on his front, and remaining still in

command, General Smith begun a system of works that should completely envelope the city and render it impervious to an attack by land from any quarter. Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo, he regarded as an important position to occupy, and at once proceeded to erect fortifications at that place and to obstruct the passage of the Yazoo river, thereby placing an effectual barrier between the enemy and the Valley of the Yazoo. Large forests were felled, forming heavy abattis, and defensible positions selected along the line between the Bluff and Vicksburg, a distance of about ten miles. All these positions were selected after the most careful examination, and the entire works planned and constructed by General Smith himself, assisted by Captain, now Major, S. H. Locket, Chief Engineer of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

The unavailing efforts of the enemy to ascend the Yazoo and reduce our works at Snyder's, and his overwhelming and disgraceful defeat at Chickasaw Bayou, attest the strength of the fortifications and the judgment displayed in the selection of positions. The battle of Chickasaw Bayou was fought under his immediate eye and direction, and the result stamps him a gallant officer and a man worthy of the honorable position he holds.

General Smith possesses all the requisite qualifications of a good soldier, a warm friend and an elegant gentleman. His impulses are all noble and generous, and though possessed of a peculiar stiffness of manner, which, on first acquaintance, is too often mistaken for hauteur and excessive dignity, yet those who know him well, both equals and subordinates, esteem and love him. Personally, he is *sans peur et sans reproche;* genuine modesty and genuine courtesy alike adorning his character. With him the success of our glorious cause is paramount to *self* or any other consideration. Shortly after his arrival to take command at Vicksburg, an incident occurred demonstrative of his patriotism and entire devotion to the interests committed to his charge. In reply to a telegraphic dispatch from President Davis, expressing some concern about Vicksburg and asking what more was particularly needed for its successful defence, General Smith replied: "* * * * More infantry is desired and *another general officer, whether ranking me or not is immaterial, so we succeed.*"

General Smith was commissioned a major general in November, 1862—a just reward for his distinguished services.

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